HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 536.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

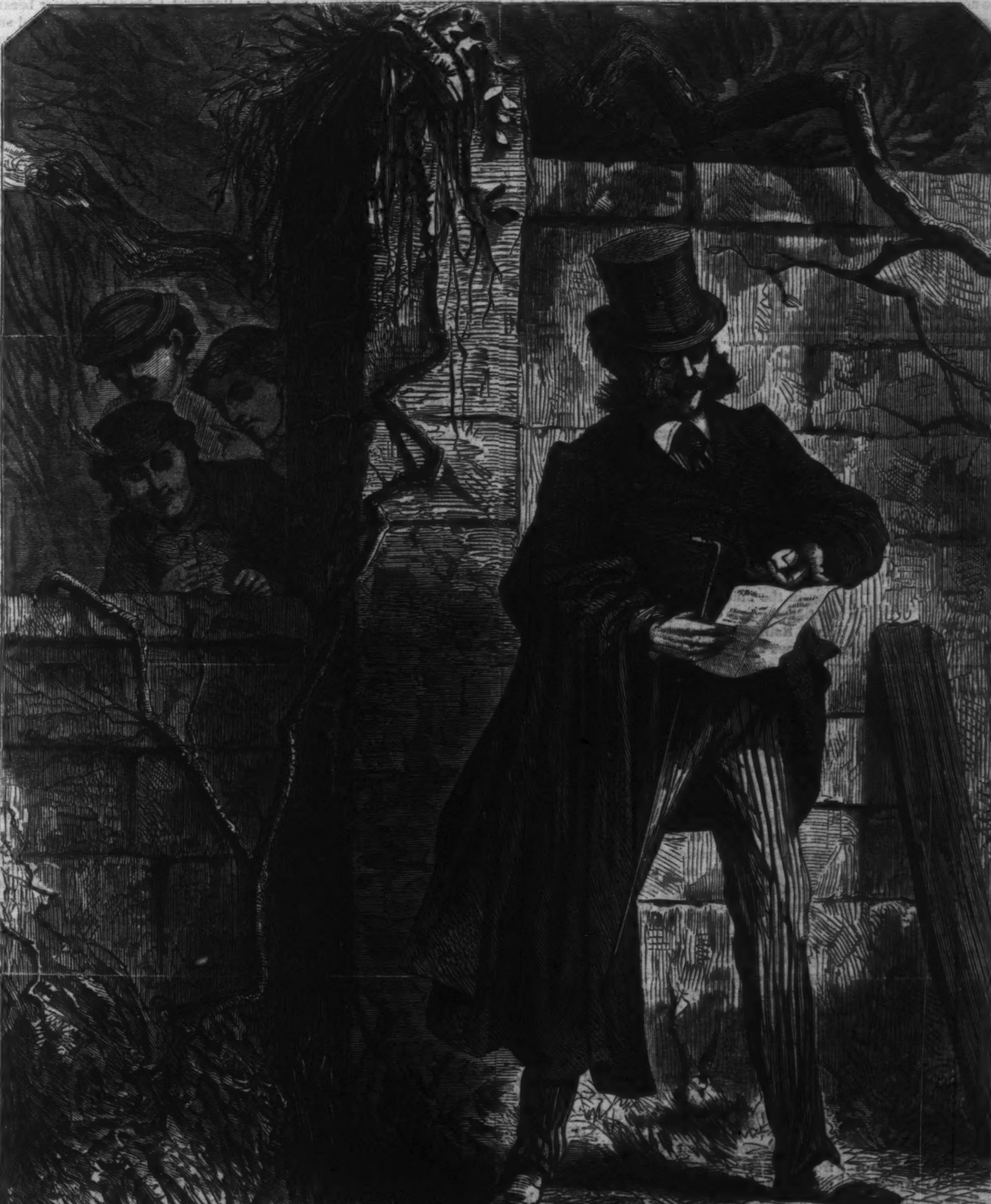
THE RIOT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The full details of the disgraceful riot which occurred on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day on March 18, a spirited picture of which we give on page 212, prove it to have been begun by an unprovoked attack of a number of those in the procession upon an unoffending and defenseless man. The following statement is copied from the *Herald* of March 19:

About one o'clock in the afternoon, as the various divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Brooklyn were passing up Grand Street, in the vicinity of, and just previous to joining the main body of the procession, which was at that time passing through East Broadway, a truck drove up Grand Street in the same direction in which the various societies were marching. Although the driver seemed to take special care not to disturb the order of the procession, by keeping his horses close to the curb outside the line of march, he was called upon by several of the officers of the Fourth Division to cross into one of the by-streets. So soon as he had heard the orders the driver attempted to reach one of the by-streets; but to do so it was necessary for him to cross the line of march, which he attempted to do. As his intention became manifest an outcry was raised against him by the marshals and aids on horseback, and in order not to create any trouble he drew his vehicle up to the curb and stopped, venturing to ask one of the procession officials, as he did so, what they expected him to do if they would not permit him to cross Grand Street, as, without doing so, he would be unable to enter one of the by-streets. At this, without deigning to answer his question or showing any willingness to halt their march for a moment to allow the driver to pass, although his truck stood so close to the sidewalk that almost double the number of men who were in the line could have walked on without being obstructed in their march by the vehicle, several men broke from the ranks, jumped into the truck, and instantly commenced beating him with their iron-headed staves. Not content with throwing him bleeding to the bottom of the vehicle, as if rendered more furious by the sight of the blood that flowed profusely from the poor man's wounds, while he cried out piteously for them to spare his life, they kicked and stamped upon the prostrate body of their victim until it seemed that their intention indeed was to murder him. In the mean time the attention of officer Ullner, of the Thirteenth Precinct, was attracted to the truck by the confusion of voices incident to the attack upon the driver. He ran to the spot, and jumped upon the truck to protect the object of the affray, when he was felled to the floor of the vehicle and trampled under foot in the most brutal manner. This dastardly act was witnessed by officers Coleman and Kearney, who hastened to the assistance of their brother officer, but after a desperate struggle they fell in their turn beneath the blows of their assailants. But they were soon on their feet, defending themselves bravely from the top of the truck, dealing blows right and left of them as rapidly as they could wield their clubs. The rioters, finding that the officers could and were determined to make a desperate resistance as long as they were on the truck, immediately put their shoulders to the vehicle, overturning it completely upon the officers as they fell to the ground, Kearney receiving a fearful cut from the sword of one of the marshals or aids as he was falling. A rush was at once made by the rioters for the unfortunate policemen as soon as they had rolled to the ground, who kicked and trampled them under their feet like so many demons. By this time officer Heisman, who had heard of the fight at a short distance from the scene of the disturbance, sent word of the affair to Roundsman Brown and three or four other officers who were distributed along the route of the procession, and they arrived on the "double quick," rushed into the crowd, and fought their way to where their companions lay bleeding in the street. But, notwithstanding the good stand they made for a short time, they were overpowered by numbers, and in their turn lay at the feet of their maddened assailants, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the swords of the horsemen and the formidable spear-headed staves of the men in front.

Meanwhile several officers from various parts of the line of the procession, to whom intelligence of the disturbance had been communicated, arrived on the spot shortly after the men under Roundsman Brown, and succeeded in fighting their way to the side of their prostrate comrades, but only uselessly to contend against the overwhelming numbers which closed round them, and attacked them with stave, club, and sword, until they, too, succumbed and fell bleeding to the earth to be trampled under foot. So soon as the rioters had glutted their vengeance by cutting down all the policemen who dared to confront them—and not one officer who was in the vicinity shrunk from the contest—a party of them seized hold of officer William Barrett, who lay unconscious in the street, and after brutally stamping upon him flung him down a cellar-way, one of them remarking, as the body struck heavily at the bottom of the stone steps, "Let the d—d dog lie there; he's dead anyhow!" During the latter part of the bloody contest Captain Helme, who was standing at the corner of Clinton Street and East Broadway, was informed of what was occurring in Grand Street, and immediately, in company with Sergeant Barnett and three men, whom he had stationed in that vicinity, proceeded to the scene of the riot, where they were met by a crowd some three hundred strong, which seemed very demonstrative, but in nowise bent on mischief, and which the Captain and his men had very little trouble in scattering. To follow the Hibernians, who had already left the scene, was the Captain's first thought, but on approaching them it was found useless to make any attack without reinforcements. He then directed Captain Ullman, of the Eleventh Precinct, and a few men of the Seventh, whom he met, to follow the society, and they succeeded in annoying the stragglers considerably with their locusts. Helme afterward went to work to care for his wounded men, three of whom he found in a shanty, several lying on the street, and others in houses to which they had been carried by citizens after the rioters had left the scene. As the Hibernians proceeded up East Broadway, after leaving Grand Street, they, for some reason or another, attacked a citizen named Laskins; and two officers of the Seventh Precinct, named Hiram Cole and David Martin, who went to his rescue, were set upon and seriously injured, they receiving several stabs and cuts from swords and staves.

Up to the time at which we write no action has been taken by the courts in the matter; three or four of the ringleaders have been arrested and held to bail in insignificant sums; but nothing really positive has been attempted or is ever likely to be done toward punishing the guilty.



"APRIL FOOL"—April 1, 1867.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE.

Prince Edward Island, the smallest as well as the most fertile of the British American provinces, is situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence between the 46th and 47th parallels of latitude. It is about 140 miles long, and lies along the north-east coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, from which it is separated by the Strait of Northumberland, which is nine miles wide in its narrowest part. The telegraph cable crosses at this point, its termini being at Capes Tormentine and Traverse, the first of which is in New Brunswick. The route of the winter mail service also lies between these two capes. There are few places more delightful or better worth a visit than Prince Edward Island in the summer season, and it has recently become the resort of many American tourists. Two lines of fine steamers connect it with the adjacent Provinces. In winter, however, the island is completely isolated from the rest of the world by the compact fields of ice or drifting floes that fill the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For four long months at least the only means of intercourse which the inhabitants have with other men is the ice-boat, which carries the mail across the Strait three times a week. It is a perilous journey, and occupies from four to ten hours, according to the condition of the ice. Nevertheless it is occasionally undertaken even by ladies. No baggage more cumbrous than a valise or carpet-bag is allowed, and but two or three persons except the boatmen can go at a time. Sometimes the surface of the ice is comparatively level and unbroken; again it is seamed by long channels of open water. In either case the journey is made with tolerable expedition. But in general the aspect is Arctic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 6, 1867.

SPRATS AND VETOES.

There is a very old story of which President Johnson's vetoes are sure to remind every one who ever heard it. A man and his wife quarreled at the table about a certain fish. Were they sprats or smelts? The wife vehemently declared for sprats, until in the violence of her action and gesticulation she broke down her chair and sank upon the floor. But as she fell, not knowing what fate was in reserve, she shouted triumphantly, "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!" So, in the long debate between the President and the country, he will not make even a sign of surrender. Congress declaring that rebel States shall be restored only upon certain conditions enacts laws and submits them to the Executive. His argument is long since outworn, but for the twelfth time, on Saturday, the 23d March, he retorted that the States were in the Union and Congress was a usurper: "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!"

As he was the first so the President seems resolved to be the last serious obstacle to a reconstruction of the Union. He came into office, metaphorically speaking, foaming at the mouth. He was so tremendous in his denunciations of treason, and smiled so savagely that "rebels must take back seats" in the work of reconstruction, that sensible men were afraid that wisdom was to be swallowed up in wrath, and revenge defy reason. But although the roaring was appalling the author of the noise soon whispered that he was only Snug the joiner, and that we need not fear that any thing would happen. Instantly the men who had supposed when they were conquered that they must yield began to hope that they might recover by craft what they had failed to retain by force. Instantly loyal men were compelled by the treatment they received from the Government and the late rebels, to ask what they had gained by their loyalty? Instantly the conquered citizens began to sneer that the Government was afraid of them, and did not understand its own victory or dare to use it. And this restless insolence rapidly poisoned the public mind in the Southern States, carefully fostered by the President and Mr. Seward, until it actually mastered, through its Northern supporters, the Doolittle Philadelphia Convention, which was, upon the whole, as ludicrous as it was lachrymose, and is by far the most utterly absurd Convention in our political history.

This hope at the South of recovering power without paying any penalty for one of the greatest crimes in history—for so mankind must always regard a bloody war to destroy a mild Government not charged with oppression, and to destroy it in order to perpetuate human Slavery—was due to the President. He declaimed, he protested, he raged against the conscience and common-sense of the country until with one vast indignant voice the country replied that it had won a victory and meant to secure it. But sprats, sprats was the reply. Veto after veto fell, until Congress passed a simple act reorganizing the rebel States upon Republican principles, and prescribing the details of the method. From that moment the future was clear. Men like Ex-Governor Brown, Wade Hampton, and General Longstreet, who did the hard work of the rebellion, and who, educated by Slavery, understand when aye means aye and no no, begin at once to counsel submission and co-operation. They understand that their cause is lost, and they act accordingly.

The President's last veto is the weakest of all the vetoes. The bill secures equal protection in life and liberty by the only power which experience has shown to be equal to the occasion. and it provides for a Government based upon all the people, excluding certain rebels, at the pleasure of Congress. Nothing simpler, more necessary, more humane, more American and Republican, could be devised. But the President throws at it the feeble remnants of his old argument. He even has the hardihood to declare in his extremity that "in all these States there are existing Constitutions formed in the accustomed way by the people." It is the last expiring shriek of "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!"

WHO SHALL VOTE FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION?

The resolution introduced into the New York State Union Committee denouncing those of the party in the Assembly who voted against universal suffrage in the elections for the Constitutional Convention as denying the right at home which they asserted abroad, raised an entirely false issue. The previous resolution in the series begged the whole question. The question is this: Can any body vote for a Convention which is authorized by the Constitution except those whom the Constitution itself makes voters? The resolutions declare the affirmative, and denounce those who do not agree. But surely it is a very doubtful question. Let us state the argument on each side.

Those who differ with the resolution hold that the case would be different if the Constitution did not provide for the Convention. But as it thus becomes an election designated by the fundamental law, must not the regulations of that law prescribe the electors? The election of the Convention is as much a Constitutional act as that of Governor, and must not the electoral provisions of the Constitution be held sufficient for every election under it? To put it in another way, could the Legislature order an election for Governor every year and prescribe the qualifications of voters? But if it could not alter the fundamental law in one point, how could it in another? If, indeed, the Constitution did not provide for a Convention and the Legislature were to propose one to the people, could it submit the question of calling it to other voters than those whom it represented? But in that case it might certainly propose as a part of the plan that if the voters called a Convention every body should take part in electing delegates, and then the adoption of the call by the voting class would authorize non-voters to share in the election.

This is the argument as urged by those who differ with the resolutions offered in the Committee, and it is a forcible and reasonable view. Those who hold it can not truly be denounced as renegades to equal suffrage, for they may be quite as earnest friends of it as those who vituperate them. Their argument is opposed upon the ground that it leaves both the formation and administration of the Government to the existing voting class, while the whole people whose rights are to be protected ought to say who shall protect them. If they continue the present voting class in power for a certain period or under certain conditions, their decision is final for that time. But in the absence of any express provision to the contrary the people, in adopting a Constitution which provides for a Convention whenever the voters under it shall decree, reserve to themselves a share in the election of that Convention. In no other way can the qualifications of electors in a Constitution be legitimated. It is the whole body of the people which qualifies a certain part; and when, as in our Constitution, the question of a revision must be submitted to the qualified electors at particular times, it is a decision of the people that the qualified electors shall determine when all the people shall be again consulted. The true principle is, that the whole people have the right of forming the Government, and although they may delegate its administration to a certain number, they can not delegate to that number the authority of reforming the Government.

This is the argument upon both sides. The question itself will undoubtedly be settled by the Convention, which, we presume, will establish such an equality of suffrage that the voters under the Constitution will be really the people of the State, to whom any future re-formation must be committed.

OLIVER CHARLICK'S RAILROAD.

Upon a lovely afternoon in the month of March a traveler might have been seen struggling in the mud as he crossed South Street to the ticket office of Oliver Charlick's Long Island Railroad at James's Slip. The accommodations are a small square cell with a wooden bench around the wall. Offering a two-dollar note for a ticket which cost about seventy cents, he was told by the agent that he must wait, and perhaps there would be money enough presently taken to give him his change. So the traveler stood in the wet under the shed, holding his bag and shawl and umbrella, while another wayfarer offered another two-dollar bill for his ticket to another point, and received the same answer. Then the window was shut down, and the agent shot out of the door, leaving the travelers at perfect leisure to meditate upon Oliver Charlick as a public blessing. By-and-by the young man returned, and, after a little pause, the window was opened, and the travelers receiving their change were ushered into the inclosure, and waited for the boat in that bilge-water atmosphere which peculiarly distinguishes James's Slip; but for which Oliver Charlick, in his capacity of public benefactor, must not be held responsible.

Reaching Hunter's Point, the traveler hastened out of the boat, and turned into a spacious pig-sty. with a hog grunting and rooting, while the air was stifling with the fumes of great piles of manure; and this, he was informed, was the Railroad station. Gaining a platform, he pushed on rapidly, driven by the stench and observed a young man of the b'hoy kind issuing from a door jauntily smoking. The young man's hat had a band with ' Conductor" written upon it. Smoking and gayly skipping along the airy young man said· "Hurry up!" and began to trot along the platform. The hastening traveler, with a few other men and three or four old women carrying heavy baskets and bundles, instantly joined in the trot, and the whole company moved toward the cars at the double quick, the smoking conductor leading. As he reached the train he gave a brisk signal to the engineer. The locomotive whistled, and the train moved. The trotters jumped and climbed upon the train as well as they could, the baskets and bundles being handed up to them by friends who trotted beside the cars. Oliver Charlick's courteous conductor said, very simply: "Why didn't you hurry up when I told you to?" and disappeared.

The cars upon Oliver Charlick's Long Island Railroad are the worst that run out of New York. They have a dreary air of second-rate cheapness, which is strictly in harmony with the inclosure which serves as a station and the smells which pervade it. Upon no railroad in this part of the country will the traveler find such uncomfortable and shabby cars as upon Oliver Charlick's. But whether you like them or not away you go, and with such fury of speed and violent rocking and jerking of the cars that it is impossible to do any thing but submit to the shaking and tossing and wonder what will come of it. Stopping at a few stations the train reaches Jamaica, and then jerks and dashes again over the broad, placid Hempstead plains.

Long Island may groan and swear and gnash its teeth, but it is not easy to raise the money to build another railroad, and Oliver Charlick is King. If you don't like his railroad have one of your own. During the great snow-storm of the winter Oliver's road was blocked so that, for eleven days or for a very long time, a certain traveler could not use the daily passage which he had bought. He was ready to fulfill his part of the contract, but the other side was not ready; and when Oliver thought fit to open his road his agent declined to allow the traveler whose time had expired the eleven passages of which he had been deprived. One day last August two trains, going in opposite directions upon the same track, crashed into each other and Mr. William Walker was killed. He was standing upon the platform, and it was urged by the conductor—with or without a cigar in his mouth—that he might have found a seat in the rear car. The court charged that it was the conductor's business to furnish seats to passengers, and that if by reason of his neglect or refusal a passenger is injured the Company is liable. The jury returned damages against the Company.

Liberality of spirit, generosity of management, a sensitive attention to the public wishes, and extreme courtesy appear to be characteristic of the Long Island Railroad. That Mr. Oliver Charlick is a public benefactor no one can have any doubt who has tried his road. It no more admits of question than that Mr. Edwin Stevens is the most accommodating of ferry proprietors.

THE SOUTHERN RELIEF BILL.

The Southern Relief bill passed the House by 91 yeas to 31 nays after a long and stormy debate. It provides that the Freedmen's Bureau shall use out of the unexpended money of the present appropriations whatever is necessary for the relief of all destitute and helpless persons. That eminent Constitutionalist, Fernando Wood, who thought it perfectly constitutional for him as Mayor to send rifles to the Southern States to shoot loyal men, was of opinion that it was exceedingly unconstitutional for a loyal Congress to send bread to the starving and baffled men to whom he tried to convey the arms. But Mr. Wood was conveniently absent when the vote was called. The result is sufficient reply to the stupid talk about the ferocity and vindictiveness of Congress.

General Butler's proposed amendment that the money be applied to the suffering families of soldiers starved in rebel prisons was an insinuation that such persons are allowed to suffer, which is an unjust imputation upon the people of the loyal States. His assertion that it would merely relieve sturdy, idle rebels at street corners was a wholly gratuitous assumption. The authentic accounts from the Southern States, and General Howard's own statements, reveal the real destitution existing there. Nor have we any fear that the bounty will be scorned. The generosity of a great people which has proved its power can not be misinterpreted. In the old days, when Cotton was King and the Democratic party ruled the country, and fell flat upon its face whenever the slave masters cracked the whip, the concessions of the North were justly interpreted by them as signs of abject servility. But times have changed. Generosity will not be thought weakness; and if it were, nobody will lose but those who think so.

The most painful and interesting episode of the debate was the altercation between General Butler and Mr. Bingham. Both gentlemen lost their temper. Each said what he will as certainly regret as the country already regrets it. Mr. Bingham's slur at General Butler was inexpressibly ungenerous. General Butler's reply was perfect, until its close, which gave Mr. Bingham an opportunity of successfully retorting. Does General Butler think that the other persons besides Mrs. Surratt were executed upon insufficient evidence?

This is but one instance of many occasions which have brought discredit upon Congress and the country. It is no excuse that they are quarrels which do not lead, as in the days of Democratic and slavery ascendency, to bowie-knives, bludgeons, and duels. We are happily rid in Congress of the barbarism produced by the principles of a slave-holding Democracy; but the ill-manners, the petulance, and innuendo which have been recently displayed even in the Senate are entirely unworthy the men who have been guilty of them. It may be very exciting and pleasant to win the interested attention of the House by saying sharp and bitter things. But they are heard by the country. They echo round the world. They gratify a moment's indignation, but they cause wide mortification and long alienation.

TROUBLES OF THE STREET.

The state of the Stock and Gold markets is about as bad as it can be. It has been uncomfortable for months, but is now worse than ever. This distress is not confined to New York alone, but presses with equal weight upon Boston and other commercial centres. There is an unprecedented timidity among operators, while all efforts to galvanize the market into activity utterly fail. No inducements can persuade outsiders to take new ventures, even in the most favored securities. Those who hold stocks purchased them months ago at very high prices, and will not sell at a ruinous pecuniary loss. They are waiting for the annual "spring rise," which will never come this year. The real truth is, it is now exclusively a broker's market. All the business done by brokers at present is confined to swapping jackets among themselves—with what success is shown by the failures that occur among their fraternity from time to time. The legitimate commissions of a day's work, if distributed equally among them all, would scarcely give each one a respectable dinner. Every day, almost, "lame ducks" are seen taking to the water because they can't afford their regular brandy and sugar.

In almost every case the public loses money from the miscarriage of these "speculative transactions" of brokers; but the sagacious broker is always careful to fail for an amount sufficiently large to enable him to make an advantageous compromise with his creditors, and is soon again reinstated in the Board and in the public confidence. A victim who is "stuck" for $50,000 much prefers to compromise for one-half or two-thirds than to lose all, and is therefore easily induced to compound a felony. It is a noticeable coincidence, however, that the broker's *wife* always wears the more diamonds whichever way the case goes with him. These diamonds represent the nett profits of his business, which have come out of plucked victims. To the broker it makes little difference, then, whether he resumes his seat in the Stock and Gold Boards or goes to Paris to attend the World's Exposition.

This winking at crime by the victimized does not conduce to good morals or strict probity in financial transactions. A blame-worthy over-confidence on the part of the public encourages sharpers. Undue parsimony in employing cheap men, or men whose habits are not known, in responsible positions, offers a premium to peculation. The cupidity of bank officers, who often permit themselves to be tempted by large bribes, not only encourages dishonest speculations but endangers the stability of the bank and its customers. A bank officer who clandestinely loans the bank's money to a broker upon the guaranty of a profit on certain investments in stocks takes all such profits accruing, but the bank runs all the risk. If the broker misses his mark the bank suffers, as those have lately done in Massachusetts. Besides, this facility for borrowing money in large amounts enables the brokers to depress or raise stocks at will.

In times such as the present, when State securities of all sorts are much depreciated, and general business is dull, the temptations to swindle are much increased. There is sufficient evidence of this fact in the cases of embezzlement that occur weekly. If a broker can only establish a character for high standing as a capitalist, that is all he requires to enable him to obtain money on forged gold checks, or over-issued stocks, or bogus warehouse receipts, or any other description of paper that is as worthless as his own name which is upon it.

While we remark this universal dilapidation of the speculative markets it is noticeable and gratifying to witness a decided and healthy improvement in almost all the legitimate channels of business. The era of overtrading is past, and will not return again unless reanimated by injudicious Congressional legislation. The temper and the judgment of the public is wholly in favor of a resumption of business upon the old basis, and the sooner it occurs the better—that is, in its own natural way. Somebody will have to be sacrificed; somebody will suffer in the fall; and it had better be those whose past good fortune has enabled them to invest their surplus money in stocks and bonds than the tradesman and producer who need all their means to help them on with their business. Productive industry should not be permitted to suffer that speculation may thrive. As soon as Congress decides to adopt some definite financial plan the country will see its way out of the woods. There are two schemes which have received general approval. One is

Jay Cooke's, and the other the Morrill bill. Some settlement is essential to the material prosperity of the country, and the people are now prepared and willing to put up with the attendant temporary inconvenience that permanent future good may result. If we are to decide between the brokers and the producers, we say let the brokers slide.

MR. WADE HAMPTON ON THE SITUATION.

The meetings of the Freedmen in South Carolina, and especially that at Columbia which was addressed by Mr. Wade Hampton and other white persons, are very significant. They show the utmost good sense upon the part of the orators. They are, of course, attempts to gain the control of the colored vote; but that is a legitimate purpose, and they are exactly the results which we have always anticipated from the wise, Radical policy of Congress. If the freedmen had not been made voters by a power which he could not resist, when would Mr. Wade Hampton have asked them "to give their friends at the South a fair trial?" In a Government like ours, when you give a large disfranchised class political power, you have secured their good treatment. We do not mean to be unjust to Mr. Hampton in saying that he has probably as much sympathy for the colored people as Mr. Belmont and the Manhattan Club have for the Irish. Who so courteous and fair-spoken to his fellow-citizens of Irish descent as the Fifth Avenue Democratic orator? The reason is obvious. They have votes. Does any body suppose that the Democratic High Priests would burn perpetual incense before St. Patrick if his children had no votes? Human nature is the same in the city of Columbia as in the city of New York. The freedman without a vote is a being to be treated as the laws of Johnsonized South Carolina treated him. But a freedman *with* a vote—ah! then indeed—listen to Mr. Wade Hampton. "His prosperity as a citizen of the State necessarily depends upon that of the State itself; and if his friends in the State were found wanting, it would be time enough to go abroad for new friends."

This is perfectly true, and it is the most healthy sign we have seen in the Southern States. It is the practical application of the sagacious speech of Ex-Governor Brown. It is a practical acceptance of the situation, and it leads straight to that development of free party competition to which we must look for the political regeneration of that part of the country. The Bourbons who counsel inaction, and the zanies who nominate "the white man's ticket," will be left utterly in the lurch. All that the friends of equal suffrage ask is a fair trial. They are willing to abide the result.

The stout assertion of the Democratic leaders, both at the North and South, that the freedmen would be sure to vote with their ex-masters, has never seemed to us very important; for we observed that the same Democrats always stoutly resisted their enfranchisement; and to suppose that a party which depended for success, as in New York for instance, upon the Irish vote, was squeamish about education and intelligence, was quite impossible. We are perfectly willing to trust the trial, so it be fairly made. The freedmen of Columbia probably understand Mr. Wade Hampton quite as well as he understands them. They certainly did not believe him to be their chief friend when he was in arms for the glorious right of enslaving them hopelessly forever, and they are probably of the opinion that it was General Sherman and the army of the United States which defeated Mr. Hampton's plan. If instinctively they would not fight with him when the chances seemed to favor him, they will hardly vote with him now that he is defeated and they understand the case even better.

But however the new voters may vote we cordially congratulate Mr. Hampton upon his conduct. It is that of a citizen who thoroughly comprehends the situation, and of a soldier who concedes that his cause is lost. Such a man will either leave the country, or, if he remains, will adapt himself to its changed conditions when he perceives that they are changed. The President's policy prevented such men as Mr. Hampton from seeing it. They really believed that they might still save by diplomacy what they had lost by arms. But the policy of Congress, approved by the country, is an "eye-opener." The leaders like Mr. Hampton yield to the only argument which they acknowledge, irresistible force, and perceive that they must either sulk in sullen inaction or use the means offered them for renewed prosperity. The "bomb-proof" editors will probably continue to repeat the heroics of the war. The soldiers will follow Messrs. Longstreet and Hampton.

THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Senator Wilson's concurrent resolution ought to pass. It declares that Jefferson Davis is charged by the President with complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and is also indicted for murder: that he declares his innocence and demands a trial; and that common justice, sound policy, and the national honor unite in requiring that he should be speedily tried, or released upon bail or his own recognizances.

Nothing can be plainer than that an accused person should be tried or released. If a man were arrested upon the charge of stealing a pocket-handkerchief, what would be thought of imprisoning him for two years before undertaking his trial? The principle is not changed because of the greater enormity of the crime charged. Indeed, the more heinous the offense the greater is the necessity of speedy trial. Payne, Atzerott, and the rest, were tried and executed without delay for one of the offenses with which Davis is charged. Why is he excepted? If there is not sufficient evidence to try him as their accomplice, the accusation should be abandoned. As long as he is charged and not tried it is the country which suffers and not he. We prove that we do not think him guilty, yet that we are not brave enough to say so. No more ignoble position could be occupied by a truly great people. Let us try him, or renounce the charge.

As for the trial for treason, we have long since expressed our opinion of its inexpediency. No possible result could affect the great and solemn verdict of the nation which has been rendered. If Davis were found guilty, the decision would be merely ludicrous after the tremendous settlement of the war. If he were acquitted, the Government would be convicted, and the war which the whole nation by uncounted sacrifice has justified would be declared unjustifiable by twelve men. Would the results of the war be thereupon relinquished? Could there be any conclusion to such a trial but one which is inexpressibly absurd? Jefferson Davis is now the most insignificant of men. Why should he be made important?

LIGHT IN NEW JERSEY.

Hon. E. A. Stansbury has introduced into the New Jersey Assembly a proposal to amend the State Constitution by striking out the word "white." Whatever may be the present fate of the suggestion, it is sure to prevail before many years. Mr. Stansbury plants the flag, and the whole line will rapidly come up to it. Meanwhile he is sure of the heartiest sympathy of all men who understand the conditions of righteous government and permanent peace.

IMPURE WATER.

Strictly speaking, water is never found pure. There are always some things dissolved in it, or intimately mingled with it. These may be mineral or vegetable or animal. As water is a solvent of so many substances, you see at once that when it has been in contact with rocks or earth it can not be free from accompaniments. But this is true even of that which falls from the clouds, for as it passes through the atmosphere it takes down with it various substances which have risen from the earth and are diffused in the air. By this cleansing shower-bath that it gives the air it brings back to the earth impurities, some of which, it is interesting to know, have considerable agency in its fertilization. It even brings down some of the air itself, for there is always air in water, not merely that which we often see gathered in bubbles, but some is so intimately mingled with it, or, we may say, dissolved in it, that it is not visible.

The water, then, that we commonly use is really quite a compound mixture, and water as a simple substance can be obtained only by subjecting the water furnished by nature to certain processes. The air in it can be expelled by boiling, and it can be freed by the chemist from the various solid substances dissolved in it. But thus purified, or rather thus simple, it would be vapid and tasteless, and it would not, furthermore, answer the purposes of life either vegetable or animal. For example, if water were deprived of its air fishes could not live in it, and if it contained in solution no salts of lime, there would be no provision for the growth of their bones.

What we mean, then, by the ordinary expression pure water is water that has not injurious substances in it, or that has not an undue proportion of those which, in ordinary quantities, are harmless. Good water differs much in different localities in the amount of solid matters contained in it. Water that runs over granitic rocks, or percolates through granitic sands, is apt to have but little of them. There are localities where the amount is as low as $\frac{1}{20}$ of a grain in the gallon, but this is uncommon. Some waters in granitic regions in Scotland have from 4 to 5 grains in the gallon. The general average in waters commonly used for domestic purposes is from 20 to 30 grains.

The gradation as to purity in water is generally this: First, rain-water in the open country, where the air is not charged with impurities as much as it is in the neighborhood of cities. Second, river water—of course that which is remote from sources of impurity. Next comes the water of lakes; and then the common spring waters, the water of the deep well being less pure than that of the superficial spring. The water of the ocean or of a lake that has no outlet is largely charged with solid matter, because evaporation does not carry this up with the water. In the ocean the saline matter amounts to from 2200 to 2800 grains in the gallon, and in some parts of the Dead Sea to 21,000 grains or 25 per cent.

Now let us notice some of the common sources of such impurities in water as are injurious.

Filth of any kind accumulated upon the ground in the neighborhood of wells may be soaked into the earth by water, and carried down so far as to percolate through into the well. If there be vegetation that can appropriate the impurities, this result is prevented. There is, therefore, no danger from thoroughly-manured, cultivated ground near wells, but the water in them must be vitiated by any continued deposit of filth near them where there is no cultivation. We see this very decidedly exemplified where wells are very near barn-yards in which manure is allowed to accumulate. The evil is less where the accumulations of filth are not so large—so much less as not to be recognized, and yet slowly but surely injuring the health of those who use the water.

Wells in closely-built cities, therefore, can not furnish good wholesome water. The ground necessarily becomes impregnated with impurities which can not be fully appropriated by the scanty vegetation, and these will find their way more or less to the wells. It is not, therefore, from failure in quantity alone that cities need a supply from without, but a failure in quality also.

Sometimes wells in cities have been changed into cess-pools by some who have resorted to external means of supply. In all such cases the water in neighboring wells is injured by the lateral diffusion of the contents of the cess-pools. The deposit of earth is in layers, and impurities that are at the same time level with the water of a well will find their way there much more readily than those that are above this level. We believe that this is not an uncommon evil in places where water introduced from without is used by only a part of the citizens.

The water in wells in the neighborhood of grave-yards is adulterated by animal products of decay when the remains are recent, and by mineral when they have been deposited for some time. The water of a well close to an old church-yard in England, on being examined, was found to contain 100 grains of saline matter in a gallon, almost one-half of which was nitrate of lime and of magnesia.

If, when the supply of water comes from a lake or river, there are discharges of filth from factories and from the common sewers near or above the place of supply, the impurity of the water is undoubtedly a great source of disease. The water of the River Thames is largely polluted in this way, and is wholly unfit for drinking and cooking purposes, even though it may be taken from a distance above London; for there is so large a population all along its banks that there must necessarily be much filth discharged into it before it reaches the city. A fact in regard to the eel-trade of London shows how much the city sewerage pollutes the water of the river. Eels are brought up the Thames in small vessels constructed for the purpose, the eels being contained in apartments into which the water from without is admitted through holes so small that they can not escape through them. So destructive is the increasing impurity of the Thames to these animals that the eel-traders are obliged to stop farther and farther from the city every year to deliver their living cargoes.

In a report in relation to an epidemic of typhoid fever in the city of Pittsburg its cause is referred by one of the physicians to the water in daily use. If it be true, as stated, that "it is obtained from the Alleghany River through a supply-pipe laid in the body of the stream at a point where much refuse and offal from the upper part of the city are encountered," it will prove a constant source of ill-health and sickness to the inhabitants. In the supply of water recently effected in the city of Chicago a better plan is adopted, the opening of the supply-pipe being a long distance out in the lake.

Though it has no relation to health, there is an economical point in reference to the supply of soft water that it may be well to notice. All hard waters are expensive, because they decompose so much of the soap that is used. This is no small item in a large population. A calculation was once made in regard to the water used in the city of Liverpool to this effect: that if the causes of its hardness could be reduced from 14 grains in the gallon to 2 grains it would save fifty thousand pounds yearly, which represents a capital of one million and a quarter sterling at four per cent.

One of our readers has requested us to give our views on the curative powers of electricity. This would be going out of the range of these articles, as we confine ourselves in them strictly to the discussion of the preservation of health, and leave the cure of disease to be treated of in the medical journals.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Supplementary Reconstruction bill which was introduced in the Senate on March 14 finally passed both Houses of Congress on March 23. The two Houses having disagreed on March 18 on certain amendments introduced in the House, a Committee of Conference was asked and allowed, and it reported on March 19, agreeing to the Senate proposition that the State Constitution shall be ratified by a majority of the votes cast, provided that it shall appear that a majority of the registered voters voted on the question of ratification. A clause is added that Congress must be satisfied that all the registered voters had an opportunity to vote freely and fairly without any fear or interruption, and that the constitution meets the approval of a majority of the qualified voters. Thus amended the bill passed both Houses on March 19, and went to the President, who, on March 23, returned the bill with his objections. The Senate immediately passed it over the veto by a vote of 40 yeas to 7 nays; the House doing the same by the not less decisive vote of 114 yeas to 25 nays.

The House, on March 19, passed a resolution prohibiting the issue of agricultural scrip to the States lately in rebellion, excepting Tennessee.

The joint resolution suspending the payment of loyal owners for slaves enlisted in the army passed the Senate by a vote of 32 yeas to 7 nays on March 21.

The joint resolution of relief for destitute Southern people which was amended and passed by the House on March 22, authorizes the issue of food by the Freedmen's Bureau and appropriates unexpended money in the hands of the commissioners.

The same body, on March 22, directed the Committee on Public Expenditures to prepare articles of impeachment of Collector Smythe of New York.

The Senate, on March 23, passed a bill granting the privilege of laying a cable to Europe by way of Bermuda and the Azores to the American telegraph Company of New York.

A resolution to adjourn on March 26 until the first Monday in December was adopted on March 23 by the Senate. The House, however, adopted a concurrent resolution providing for the meeting of Congress in May, June, September, and October, unless otherwise notified by the presiding officers of the two Houses; but the Senate adjourned without considering it.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill still hangs in the Legislature; the two Houses being unable to agree upon its provisions. A Committee of Conference reported on March 23 a new bill, in which negro suffrage was omitted and the election ordered by Senatorial districts; but it was tabled by the Assembly.

The bill incorporating the Underground Railway Company passed the Senate on March 19. It authorizes the Company to tunnel a road from Bowling Green to the City Hall, and thence under the Bowery and Third or Fourth Avenues to the Harlem River, with permission to construct a surface railway above Eightieth Street if necessary. The Hudson and East Rivers are to be tunneled, and two tunnels across the city are authorized. A branch road from the City Hall Park is to be made under Hudson Street and Eighth Avenue.

NEWS ITEMS.

Tammany Hall, New York, the head-quarters of the Democracy for many years, was sold on March 20 to Charles A. Dana, and will be transformed into a newspaper office.

The South Carolina politicians have awakened to the fact that power has been slipping through their hands, and they begin to accept the situation with a cordiality and energy which, to say the least, is rather suspicious. Mass meetings of white and colored citizens are being held all over the State. At one held on March 18 at Columbia Wade Hampton "advised the freedmen to give their friends at the South a fair trial, and if they were found wanting, it was then time enough to go abroad for sympathy. It was to their interest to build up the South; for as the country prospered so would they prosper. The present state of affairs was not brought about by the action of the Southern people, white or black; therefore neither was responsible for it." Wm. H. Talley, another white orator, declared that "the white man and the colored man of the South have the same interest, the same destiny;" and added that "the advice which common-sense gives to the colored population of the South in the present emergency is, to try those of the community whom you have known—those who have hitherto proved themselves worthy of confidence—those who have the same interest. Unite with those. If these deceive you, it will then be time enough to experiment on the sympathies of strangers." The two colored orators who spoke evidently agreed with the white ones, one of them declaring that "the negroes would not rest until the whites were enfranchised," while the other declared that "the question to be considered in elections was not whether a candidate was black or white, but was he honest." Other meetings were held on March 21 at Charleston and Savannah. At that at Charleston Judge Moore, a white man, presided, and a negro acted as Secretary. The meeting was decidedly radical. Resolutions claiming the suffrage and the right to hold office for the colored men, opposing large land monopolies, and calling for a revision of the State code and reorganization of the courts, were adopted.

The ex-rebel General Longstreet, expressing his opinions on the Sherman Reconstruction bill, says, "there is no humiliation attached to an acceptance of the terms proposed by Congress, and he has no reason to doubt that such an acceptance, in good faith, will secure the readmission of the Southern States."

At a meeting in Augusta, Georgia, on March 23, to nominate a candidate for Mayor, a resolution was adopted allowing colored citizens to register and vote.

The Winter Garden Theatre, New York city, was totally destroyed by fire on March 23.

The largest mass meeting which ever took place in Selma, Alabama, was held there on March 18, under the auspices of General Wager Swayne, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. Resolutions were unanimously adopted strongly expressive of Union sentiments, and recognizing the right of Congress to prescribe the terms of reconstruction and readmission of the seceded States into the Union, and therefore urging that the people of Alabama should forthwith accept the beneficent terms of reconstruction.

General Hancock, with 1500 men and a battery of artillery, left Leavenworth, Kansas, on March 25, to punish the belligerent Indian tribes who lately massacred a portion of the garrison of Fort Philip Kearney, and committed other depredations in Dacotah.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Prussia continues to strengthen herself by important treaties, offensive and defensive. Early in March last alliances were concluded with the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg and the Grand Duchy of Baden, by which each of these powers grants the control of their armies in time of war to Prussia. The armies of these three Powers when on a war footing amounts to 151,544 effectives. The announcement of the conclusion of these treaties naturally engendered bitter feelings in France, and evidently created some fears. So formidable did this combination appear that the subject came up for debate in the French *Corps Legislatif*, and on March 18 Messieurs Thiers and Jules Favre attacked the Emperor's foreign policy, denouncing it as tending to the unity of Germany, and a German and Italian alliance decidedly hostile to the interest of France. The Government party defended the course pursued by the Emperor, and on March 20 resolutions indorsing his policy were introduced and passed by an overwhelming majority. Two days later it was semi-officially announced that Napoleon favored a confederation of France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland to oppose any aggressions by Prussia. Subsequently it was announced that Leopold of Belgium refused to coalesce with France; and the final result of the movement had not yet developed up to March 25.

Mr. Disraeli introduced the Reform Bill into Parliament on March 18 in a long speech supporting the policy laid down by strong arguments and a long array of figures. These latter Mr. Gladstone in a brief speech pronounced to be "absurd." Debate on the bill was postponed to March 25, when Mr. Gladstone repeated his arguments against it.

Mr. Disraeli also proposed in Parliament on March 20 a new and liberal Reform Bill for Ireland as the best weapon with which to fight the Fenians.

The late Fenian insurrection has ended, without bloodshed, in the arrest of about forty prominent Irishmen and their confinement, while under trial for high treason, in the jail at Tipperary.

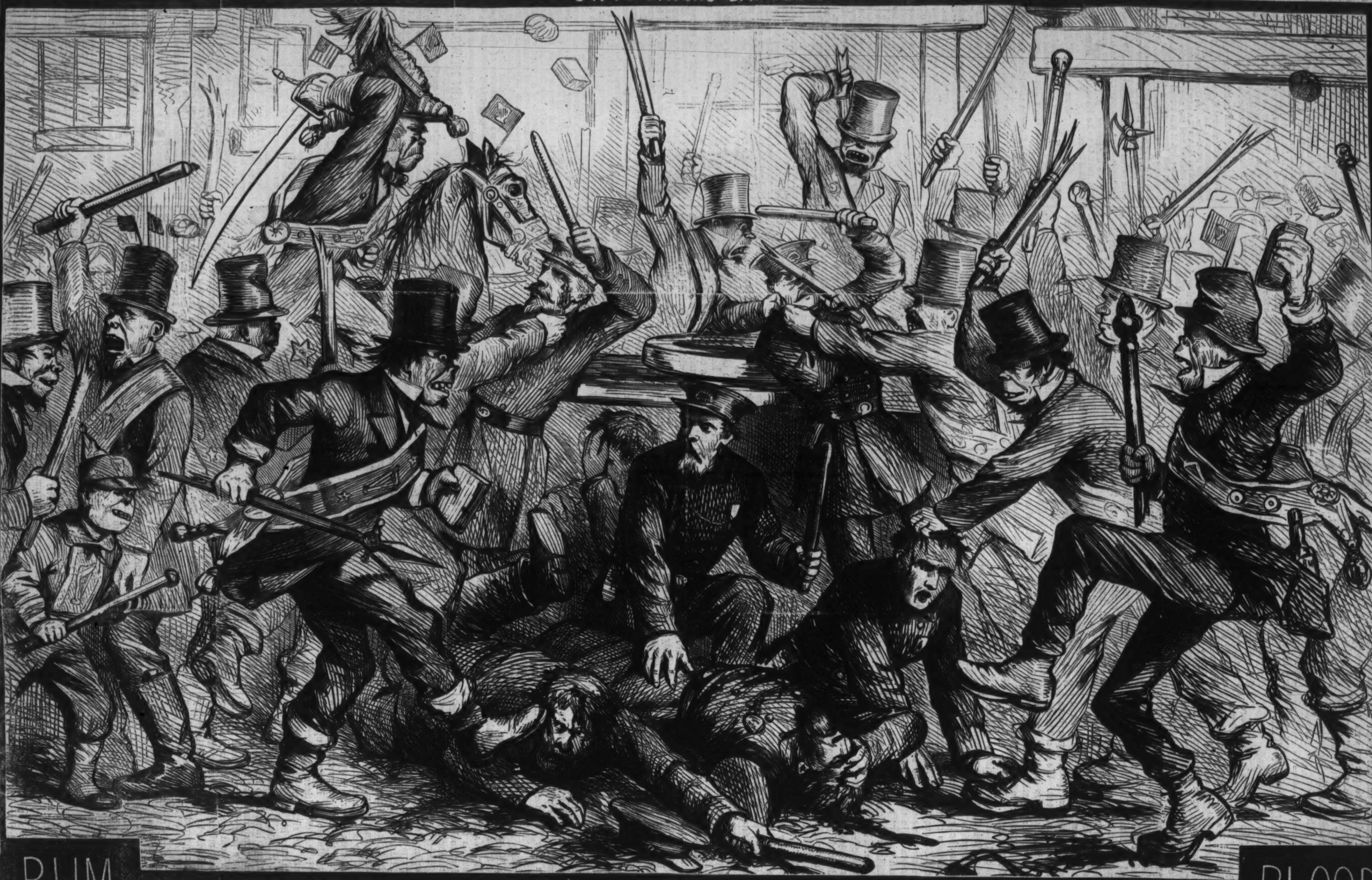
The Italian Parliament was opened on March 22 by King Victor Emanuel. So great was the personal popularity of Garibaldi that he was returned by three different cities.

Turkey has emphatically refused to cede Candia to Greece.

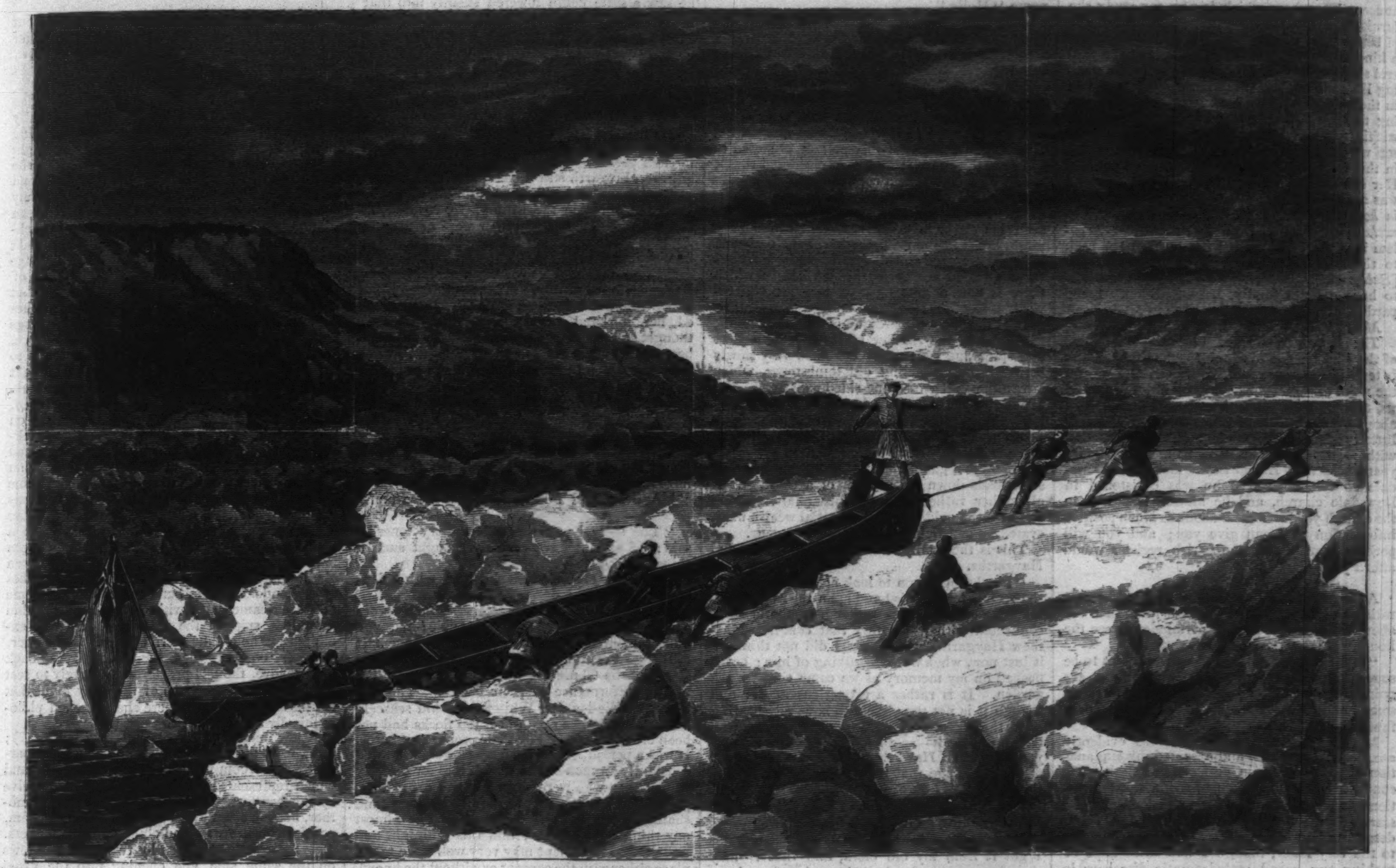
The insurrection in Thessaly against the Turks has spread with great rapidity.

The last of the French troops sailed from Vera Cruz on March 12. Marshal Bazaine took his departure with them. The city was closely invested by the Liberals. Details from the interior of Mexico were to the 25th of February. The two main armies of Maximilian and Juarez confronted each other near Queretaro. Some skirmishing but no serious engagement had ensued.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1867.



RUM. BRUTAL ATTACK ON THE POLICE. "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE." IRISH RIOT. BLOOD.



WINTER MAIL SERVICE ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—[See First Page.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.

CHAPTER II.

MATTHEW HAYGARTH'S RESTING-PLACE.

I found the house at Dewsdale without difficulty. It is a stiff, square, red-brick dwelling-place, with long narrow windows, a high narrow door, and carved canopy; a house which savors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator;* a house in which the short-faced gentleman might have spent his summer holidays after Sir Roger's death. It stands behind a high iron gate, surmounted by a handsome coat of arms; and before it there lies a pleasant patch of green-sward, with a pond and a colony of cackling geese, which craned their necks and screamed at me as I passed them.

The place is the simplest and smallest of rural villages. There is a public house—the Seven Stars; a sprinkling of humble cottages; a general shop which is at once a shoemaker's, a grocer's, a linen-draper's, a stationer's, and a post-office. These habitations, a gray old church with a square tower, half-hidden by the sombre foliage of yews and cedars, and the house once inhabited by the Haygarths, comprise the whole of the village. The Haygarthian household is now the rectory. I ascertained this fact from the landlord of the Seven Stars, at which house of entertainment I took a bottle of soda-water, in order to *sonder le terrain* before commencing business.

The present rector is an elderly widower with seven children; an easy, good-natured soul, who is more prone to bestow his money in charity than to punctuality in the payment of his debts.

Having discovered thus much, I rang the bell at the iron gate and boarded the Haygarthian mansion. The rector was at home, and received me in a very untidy apartment, *par excellence* a study. A boy in a holland blouse was smearing his face with his inky fingers, and wrestling with a problem in Euclid, while his father stood on a step-ladder exploring a high shelf of dusty books.

The rector, whose name is Wendover, descended from the step-ladder and shook the dust from his garments. He is a little, withered old man, with a manner so lively as to be on the verge of flightiness. I observed that he wiped his dusty palms on the skirts of his coat, and argued therefrom that he would be an easy person to deal with. I soon found that my deduction was correct.

I presented Sheldon's card and stated my business, of course acting on that worthy's advice. Could Mr. Wendover give me any information relating to the Haygarth family?

Fortune favored me throughout this Dewsdale expedition. The rector is a simple garrulous old soul, to whom to talk is bliss. He has occupied the house five-and-thirty years. He rents it of the lord of the manor, who bought it from John Haygarth. Not a stick of furniture has been removed since our friend Matthew's time; and the rev. intestate may have wrestled with the mysteries of Euclid on the same old-fashioned mahogany table at which I saw the boy in brown holland.

Mr. Wendover left his books and manuscripts scattered on the floor of the study, and conducted me to a cool shady drawing-room, very shabbily furnished with the spindle-legged chairs and tables of the last century. Here he begged me to be seated, and here we were ever and anon interrupted by intruding juveniles, the banging of doors, and the shrill clamor of young voices in the hall and garden.

I brought all the diplomacy of which I am master to bear in my long interview with the rector; and the following is a transcript of our conversation, after a good deal of polite skirmishing.

Myself. You see, my dear Sir, the business I am concerned in is remotely connected with these Haygarths. Any information you will kindly afford me, however apparently trivial, may be of service in the affair I am prosecuting.

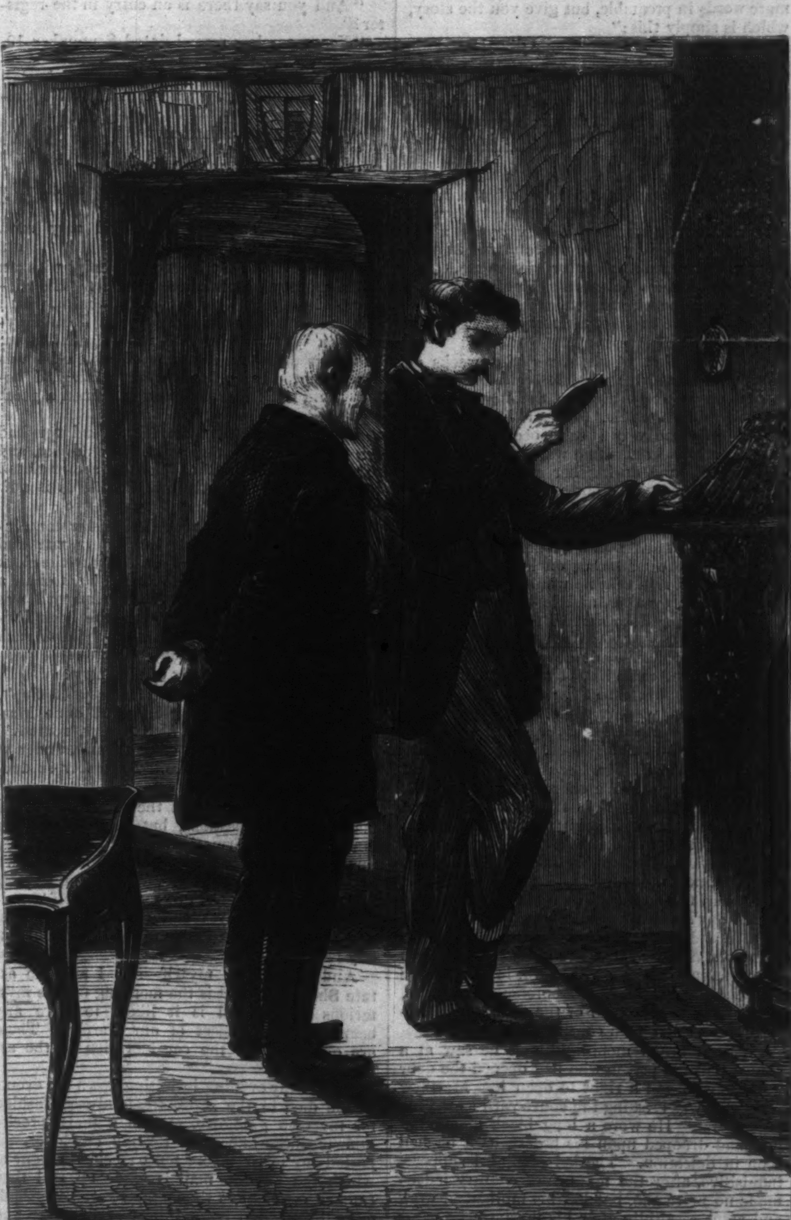
The Rector. To be sure, to be sure! But, you see, though I've heard a good deal of the Haygarths, it is all gossip—the merest gossip. People are so fond of gossip, you know—especially country people: I have no doubt that you have remarked that. Yes, I have heard a great deal about Matthew Haygarth. My late clerk and sexton—a very remarkable man, ninety-one when he died, and able to perform his duties very creditably within a year of his death—very creditably; but the hard winter of '56 took him off, poor fellow, and now I have a young man—old Andrew Hone—that was my late clerk's name—was employed in this house when a lad, and was very fond of talking about Matthew Haygarth and his wife. She was a rich woman, you know, a very rich woman—the daughter of a brewer at Ullerton; and this house belonged to her—inherited from her father.

Myself. And did you gather from your clerk that Matthew Haygarth and his wife lived happily together?

The Rector. Well, yes, yes; I never heard any thing to the contrary. They were not a young couple, you know. Rebecca Caulfield was forty years of age, and Matthew Haygarth was fifty-three when he married; so, you see, one could hardly call it a love-match. [*Abrupt inroad of bouncing damsel, exclaiming "Pa!"*] Don't you see I'm engaged, Sophia Louisa? Why are you not at your practice? [*Sudden retreat of bouncing damsel, followed by the scrambling performance of scale of C major in adjoining chamber, which performance abruptly ceases after five minutes.*] You see Mrs. Haygarth was *not* young, as I was about to observe when my daughter interrupted us; and she was perhaps a little more steadfast in her adherence to the newly-arisen sect of Wesleyans than her husband, as a Church-of-England man, could approve. But as their married life lasted only a year, they had little time for domestic unhappiness, even supposing them not to be adapted to each other.

Myself. Mrs. Matthew Haygarth did not marry again?

The Rector. No; she devoted herself to the



"IT WAS THE PICTURE OF CHARLOTTE HALLIDAY."

education of her son, and lived and died in this house. The room which is now my study she furnished with a small reading-desk and a couple of benches, now in my nursery, and made it into a kind of chapel, in which the keeper of the general shop—who was, I believe, considered a shining light among the Wesleyan community—was in the habit of holding forth every Sunday morning to such few members of that sect as were within reach of Dewsdale. She died when her son was nineteen years of age, and was buried in the family vault in the church-yard yonder. Her son's adherence to the Church of England was a very great trouble to her. [*Inroad of boy in holland, very dejected and inky of aspect, also exclaiming "Pa!"*] No, John; not till that problem is worked out. Take that cricket-bat back to the lobby, Sir, and return to your studies. [*Sulky withdrawal of boy.*] You see what it is to have a large family, Mr.—Sheldon. I beg pardon, Mr.—

Myself. Hawkehurst, clerk to Mr. Sheldon.

The Rector. To be sure. I have some thoughts of the Law for one of my elder sons; the Church is terribly over-crowded. However, as I was on the point of saying when my boy John disturbed us, though I have heard a great deal of gossip about the Haygarths, I fear I can give you very little substantial information. Their connection with Dewsdale lasted little more than twenty years. Matthew Haygarth was married in Dewsdale church, his son John was christened in Dewsdale church, and he himself is buried in the church-yard. That is about as much positive information as I can give you; and you will perhaps remark that the parish register would afford you as much.

After questioning the good-natured old rector rather closely, and obtaining little more than the above information, I asked permission to see the house.

"Old furniture and old pictures are apt to be suggestive," I said; "and perhaps while we are going over the house you may happen to recall some further particulars relating to the Haygarth family."

Mr. Wendover assented. He was evidently anxious to oblige me, and accepted my explanation of my business in perfect good faith. He conducted me from room to room, waiting patiently while I scrutinized the paneled walls and stared at the attenuated old furniture. I was determined to observe George Sheldon's advice to the very letter, though I had little hope of making any grand melodramatic discovery in the way of documents hidden in old cabinets, or mouldering behind sliding panels.

I asked the rector if he had ever found papers of any kind in forgotten nooks and corners of the house or the furniture. His reply was a decided negative. He had explored and investigated every inch of the old dwelling-place, and had found nothing.

So much for Sheldon's idea.

Mr. Wendover led me from basement to garret, encountering bouncing daughters and boys in brown holland wherever we went; and from basement to garret I found that all was barren. In the whole of the house there was but one object which arrested my attention, and the interest which that one object aroused in my mind had no relation to the Haygarthian fortune.

Over a high carved chimney-piece in one of the bedchambers there hung a little row of miniatures—old-fashioned oval miniatures, pale and faded—pictures of men and women with the powdered hair of the Georgian period, and the flowing full-bottomed wigs familiar to St. James's and Tunbridge Wells in the days of inoffensive Anne. There were in all seven miniatures, six of which specimens of antique portraiture were prim and starched and artificial of aspect. But the seventh was different in form and style: it was the picture of a girlish face looking out of a frame, of loose unpowdered locks; a bright, innocent face, with gray eyes and marked black eyebrows, pouting lips a little parted, and white teeth gleaming between lips of rosy red; such a face as one might fancy the inspiration of an old poet. I took the miniature gently from the little brass hook on which it hung, and stood for some time looking at the bright, frank face.

It was the picture of Charlotte Halliday. Yes; I suppose there is a fatality in these things. It was one of those marvelous accidental resemblances which every man has met with in the course of his life. Here was this dead-and-gone beauty of the days of George the Second smiling upon me with the eyes and lips of Philip Sheldon's step-daughter!

Or was it only a delusion of my own? Was my mind so steeped in the thought of that girl, was my heart so impressed by her beauty, that I could not look upon a fair woman's face without conjuring up her likeness in the pictured countenance? However this may be, I looked long and tenderly at the face which seemed to me to resemble the woman I love.

Of course I questioned the rector as to the original of this particular miniature. He could tell me nothing about it, except that he thought it was *not* one of the Caulfields or Haygarths. The man in the full-bottomed Queen-Anne wig was Jeremiah Caulfield, brewer, father of the pious Rebecca; the woman with the high powdered head was the pious Rebecca herself; the man in the George-the-Second wig was Matthew Haygarth. The other three were kindred of Rebecca's. But the wild-haired damsel was some unknown creature for whose presence Mr. Wendover was unable to account.

I examined the frame of the miniature, and found that it opened at the back. Behind the ivory on which the portrait was painted there was a lock of dark hair encased in crystal; and on the inside of the case, which was of some worthless metal gilded, there was scratched the name "Molly."

How this Molly with the loose dark locks came to be admitted among the prim and pious Caulfields is certainly more than I can understand.

My exploration of the house having resulted only in this little romantic accident of the likeness to Charlotte, I prepared to take my departure, no wiser than when I had first crossed the threshold. The rector very politely proposed to show me the church; and as I considered that it would be well to take a copy of the Haygarthian entries in the register, I availed myself of his offer. He dispatched a maid-servant to summon his clerk, in order that that functionary might assist in the investigation of the registers. The girl departed on this errand, while her master conducted me across his garden, in which there is now a gate opening into the church-yard.

It is the most picturesque of burial-grounds, darkened by the shadow of those solemn yews and spreading cedars. We walked very slowly between the crumbling old tombstones, which have almost all grown one-sided with time. Mr. Wendover led me through a little labyrinth of lowly graves to a high and ponderous iron railing surrounding a square space, in the midst of which there is a stately stone monument. In the railing there is a gate, from which a flight of stone steps leads down to the door of a vault. It is altogether rather a pretentious affair, wherein one sees the evidence of substantial wealth unelevated by artistic grace or poetic grandeur.

This is the family vault of the Caulfields and Haygarths.

"I've brought you to look at this tomb," said the rector, resting his hand upon the rusted railing, "because there is rather a romantic story connected with it—a story that concerns Matthew Haygarth, by-the-by. I did not think of it just now, when we were talking of him; but it flashed on my memory as we came through the garden. It is rather a mysterious affair; and though it is not very likely to have any bearing upon the object of your inquiry, I may as well tell you about it—as a leaf out of family history, you know, Mr. Hawkehurst, and as a new proof of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction."

I assured the rector that I should be glad to hear any thing he could tell me.

"I must premise that I only tell the story as I got it from my old clerk, and that it may therefore seem rather indistinct; but there is an entry in the register yonder to show that it is not without foundation. However, I will waste no more words in preamble, but give you the story, which is simply this:"

The rector seated himself on a dilapidated old tombstone, while I leaned against the rails of the Haygarth vault, looking down upon him.

"Within a month or two of Matthew Haygarth's death a kind of melancholy came over him," said the rector. "Whether he was unhappy with his wife, or whether he felt his health declining, is more than I can say. You must remember that my informant was but a lad at the time of which I speak, and that when he talked to me about the subject sixty years afterward he was a very old man, and his impressions were therefore more or less vague. But upon certain facts he was sufficiently positive; and among the circumstances he remembered most vividly are those of the story I am going to tell you.

"It seems that within a very few weeks of Matthew's death, his wife, Rebecca Haygarth, started on an expedition to the north, in the company of an uncle, to hear John Wesley preach on some very special occasion, and to assist at a love-feast. She was gone more than a fortnight; and during her absence Matthew Haygarth mounted his horse early one morning and rode away from Dewsdale.

"His household consisted of three maids, a man, and the lad Andrew Hone, afterward my sexton. Before departing on his journey Mr. Haygarth had said that he would not return till late the next evening, and had requested that only the man (whose name I forget) should sit up for him.

"He was punctiliously obeyed. The household, always of early habits, retired at nine, the accustomed hour; and the man-servant waited to receive his master, while the lad Andrew, who slept in the stables, sat up to keep his fellow-servant company.

"At ten o'clock Mr. Haygarth came home, gave his horse into the charge of the lad, took his candle from the man-servant, and walked straight up stairs, as if going to bed. The man-servant locked the doors, took his master the key, and then went to his own quarters. The boy remained up to feed and groom the horse, which had the appearance of having performed a hard day's work.

"He had nearly concluded this business when he was startled by the slamming of the back door opening into the court-yard, in which were the stables and outhouses. Apprehending thieves, the boy opened the door of the stable and looked out, doubtless with considerable caution.

"It was broad moonlight, and he saw at a glance that the person who had opened the door was one who had a right to open it. Matthew Haygarth was crossing the court-yard as the lad peeped out. He wore a long black cloak, and his head drooped upon his breast, as if he had been in dejection. The lad—being, I suppose, inquisitive, after the manner of country lads—made no more ado, but left his unfinished work and crept stealthily after his master, who came straight to this church-yard—indeed to this very spot on which we are now standing.

"On this spot the boy Andrew Hone became the secret witness of a strange scene. He saw an open grave close against the rails yonder, and he saw a little coffin lowered silently into that grave by the sexton of that time and a strange man, who afterward went away in a mourning coach, which was in waiting at the gate, and in which doubtless the stranger and the little coffin had come.

"Before the man departed he assisted to fill up the grave; and when it was filled Matthew Haygarth gave money to both the men—gold it seemed to the lad Andrew, and several pieces to each person. The two men then departed, but Mr. Haygarth still lingered.

"As soon as he fancied himself alone he knelt down beside the little grave, covered his face with his hands, and either wept or prayed, Andrew Hone could not tell which. If he wept, he wept silently.

"From that night, my sexton said, Matthew Haygarth faded visibly. Mistress Rebecca came home from her love-feast, and nursed and tended her husband with considerable kindness, though, so far as I can make out, she was at the best a stern woman. He died three weeks after the event which I have described, and was buried in that vault, close to the little grave."

I thanked Mr. Wendover for his succinct narrative, and apologized for the trouble I had occasioned him.

"Do not speak of the trouble," he answered, kindly; "I am used to telling that story. I have heard it a great many times from poor old Andrew, and I have told it a great many times."

"The story has rather a legendary tone," I said; "I should have scarcely thought such a thing possible."

The rector shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"In our own day," he replied, "such an occurrence would be almost impossible; but you must remember that we are talking of the last century—a century in which I regret to say the clergy of the Church of England were sadly lax in the performance of their duties. The followers of Wesley and Whitefield could scarcely have multiplied as they did if the flocks had not been cruelly neglected by their proper shepherds. It was a period in which benefices were bestowed constantly on men obviously unfitted for the holy office—men who were gamblers and drunkards, patrons of cockpits, and in many cases open and shameless reprobates. In such an age almost any thing was possible; and this midnight and unhallowed interment may very well have taken place either with the consent or without the knowledge of the incumbent, who, I am told, bore no high character for piety or morality."

"And you say there is an entry in the register?"

"Yes, a careless scrawl dated September 19, 1774, recording the burial of one Matthew Haygarth, aged four years, removed from the burial-ground attached to the parish church of Spotswold."

"Then it was a reinterment?"

"Evidently."

"And is Spotswold in this county?"

"Yes; it is a very small village, about fifty miles from here."

"And Matthew Haygarth died very soon after this event?"

"He did. He died very suddenly, with an awful suddenness, and died intestate. His widow was left the possessor of great wealth, which increased in the hands of her son John Haygarth, a very prudent and worthy gentleman, and a credit to the church of which he was a member. He only died very lately, I believe, and must therefore have attained a great age."

It is quite evident that Mr. Wendover had not seen the advertisement in the *Times*, and was ignorant of the fact that the accumulated wealth of the Haygarths and Caulfields is now waiting a claimant.

I asked permission to see the register containing the entry of the mysterious interment; and after the administration of a shilling to the clerk—a shilling at Dewsdale being equal to half a crown in London—the vestry cupboard was opened by that functionary, and the book I required was produced from a goodly pile of such mouldy brown leather-bound volumes.

The following is a copy of the entry:

"On Thursday last past, being y^{e} 19 Sep^{tr}, A.D. 1774, was interr'd y^{e} bodie off onne Matthewe Haygarthe, ag$^{'d}$ foure yeres, remoov'd fromm y^{e} Churcheyarde off S^{t}. Marie, under y^{e} hil, Spotswolde, in this Co. Pade forr so doeing, sevven shill."

After having inspected the register I asked many further questions, but without eliciting much further information. So I expressed my thanks for the courtesy that had been shown me, and took my departure, not wishing to press the matter so closely as to render myself a nuisance to the worthy Wendover, and bearing in mind that it would be open to me to return at any future time.

And now I ask myself—and I ask the astute Sheldon—what is the meaning of this mysterious burial, and is it likely to have any bearing on the object of our search? These are questions for the consideration of the astute S.

I spent my evening in jotting down the events of the day, in the above free-and-easy fashion for my own guidance, and in a more precise and business-like style for my employer. I posted my letter before ten o'clock, the hour at which the London mail is made up, and then smoked my cigar in the empty streets, overshadowed by gaunt square stacks of building and tall black chimneys; and so back to my inn, where I took a glass of ale and another cigar, and then to bed, as the worthy Pepys might have concluded.

FERN AND GOLDEN-HAIR.

LITTLE Fern was nine years old, and about the size of your well-grown child of six. Her skin, originally fair, was tanned to a dull yellow, her sharp shoulder-blades and hollow chest showed to advantage in her one ragged garment, and her bleached tow-colored hair was braided behind in two very thin tails, that made a daily effort to cross the back of her head, and failing in that, hung down, or stuck out, as it might happen. You would never have kissed her, she was too aggressively dirty; ears, fingers, and bare feet and legs; all in a state that made any guess at her appearance could she once be clean an impossibility; and, besides, the restless watchfulness of the pale blue eyes, and the evident readiness of every inch of the little body to dodge was disconcerting, to say the least, in a child of nine years. She was precisely like a cat that has been often beaten, making her approaches with the same lithe stealthiness, looking at things strange, or unknown, in the same half-fierce, half-startled way, and just as plainly ready to fly, stand at bay, or scratch, as the case might require; a little Ishmaela, her hand against every man's—used to be cuffed, kicked, boxed, shoved, and knocked down, and coming on smartly in the accomplishments of cuffing, kicking, scratching, and biting in return. She had just possessed herself of a desired crust, in an interesting combat with her sister Jane. Jane hit out from the shoulder, but Fern's forte was scratching, and a well-directed claw had won her not an unmixed triumph, for in the mêlée a plate had been demolished, and though Fern made good her escape with the crust to the open air, it was through a storm of slaps and pushes at the tender hands of her enraged mother, some of which came down with emphasis on the thin shoulders, spite of the remarkable activity exhibited by the child. Fern once out at the door, however, both subsided, the mother going back to her stove, the girl proceeding leisurely to seat herself on the lower step of the dirty flight that led into the building, where she munched philosophically at the hard-won crust.

A few lines back I spoke of the open air (?); but I used the phrase simply by way of comparison. The room just deserted by little Fern, and which represented her home, was possibly twelve by thirteen feet. In it lived her father and mother, herself, sister Jane, brothers Mike and Tom, cousin, cousin's wife and child, and two lodgers. This room was ventilated by two small windows on the same side, and opening into the usual court between the front and rear buildings of a tenement house, and heated overpoweringly by a cooking-stove in full blast. There was the sensible remembrance of the breath and the bodies of these eleven unwashed people who got up surlily a little while before in the little stifling room to a new day. There was the rank offense of the old, unchanged beds, uncleansed floors, ceilings, walls, windows, and doors, and the soiled, crusted, sweaty clothing hanging about, helped on by the dirt and reek of every body else's similarly packed and ill-ventilated rooms, mouldy beds, and unwashed selves, to say nothing of the cabbage-boiling, fish-boiling, grease-cooking, suds, tobacco smoke, and liquor, every where in progress. True, that breath out of doors was burdened, and smell made hateful, by the neighborhood of stables and tanneries, rotting mounds of decayed vegetables, parings, crusts, and rinds, stagnant overflow of gutters, and slimy pools of half-liquid filth, whose odors, dissolved in the heat of the sultry morning, made the nauseous medium of disease and degradation which I still call "air," in contrast with what was inhaled within, because it yet is sometimes stirred by winds fresh from gardens and the sea. On the black and broken steps on which Fern sat women stood lazily smoking, holding dirty babies, or with arms akimbo; above, from every window stuck a head, frouzy and uncombed. In the yard children were paddling about in the mud; of all ages, down to the year-old baby creeping on the steps or laboriously dragged about by the older ones, but unanimously begrimed and incrusted, not with fresh, kindly earth, but with the black ooze of gutters and puddles, half naked, and frouzy with tangled, matted hair; and variously old, sorrowful, suffering, stolid, cunning, lying, mean, sulky—in look, any thing but childish. They played at fighting, stealing, and drunkenness; and in the event of an actual dispute, pelted each other with the filth of the yard, stones, bricks, and vile epithets with a terrible energy, fluency, and precision. The older among them miniatured the dirty men and lazy women lounging on the steps and lolling in the windows; the younger copied the older ones as faithfully: apt scholars, every day and all day long at the devil's school; and yet of the same flesh with our Susies and Charlies; and only the difference of washing, combing, feeding, loving, and teaching between our white lily buds and these pale foul-air *fungi*.

As Fern finished her crust, quietly looking on at what to her was the world's everyday's face, her curiosity was aroused by seeing a dozen of these children crowded in a corner, from whence came a sound of sobbing; and shouldering her way in among them she confronted a chubby, golden-haired girl, two years younger perhaps than herself, shrinking and crying among the lawless little imps who set upon her instinctively, seeing that she was a waif, and not one of their kind. One pulled at her curls; a second ran a pin in her dress to see, she said, of what it was made; and a third was ready with a handful of mud, when Fern, happening to find herself in a contrary humor, made a sudden onslaught on the little tormentors, all younger than herself, that sent them flying to the right about.

"I'd like to see any on 'em stan up afore me," remarked Fern, looking after them complacently. "Jes let 'em try onst; why didn't you hit 'em?

It's no good to snivel;" and she drew herself up in all the dignity of a successful champion. The little Golden-Hair stopped her crying, but eyed her queer protectress doubtfully and in silence.

"Where you come from?" continued Fern, finding that she made no answer. The child pointed toward the right. "Over there. Mammy's gone."

"Where?" interrupted Fern, quickly—"to the station? Has she got took up?"

"I don't know the name," answered her *protégée*, shrinking more and more. "She's got a day's work somewhere, and I was so hungry."

"Why didn't you hook something," cut in Fern once more, in great contempt. "There's ole 'ooman Earle; she's allers noddin."

Golden-Hair opened large blue eyes of amazement at this frank proposition.

"Why, that's stealin!"

"'Tain't; she karn't ketch ye, ef she sees ye. She's got rheumatiz, I tell ye. She karn't run."

Golden-Hair could, however, and did, in utter horror, as instantly pursued by Fern, who had no mind to let her new plaything escape. Over the rough stones, and through the mud, and down a long alley, ran both children, Golden-Hair winged by fear, and bursting in breathless at the open door of an unfurnished room, hotly followed by Fern equally breathless. A baby was crawling about the floor, while in the corner kneeled a second but older Golden-Hair, her lips moving fast, and great tears rolling down her face. Both children stopped in surprise, while the girl, whom Fern's companion called Lucy, rose from her corner, and came forward with a sweet, serene gravity curiously ill suited to that place.

"What wuz you doin' on?" demanded Fern, whose bold eyes, after taking a rapid survey of the empty room, came back to the little girl's face and fastened there.

"Saying 'Our Father' and 'Now I lay me,'" answered the child, simply. "I was fraid for Idy, she staid so, and sick; I'm so hungry, and mammy said when we're in trouble we must say a prayer."

"What's a prayer?" asked Fern.

"It's—why, don't you know? It's talking to Jesus," returned the little girl, hesitating.

"Who's Jesus?" and then without waiting for an answer, "Why don't you have a bed?" she went on, rapidly. "We've got six beds, and a stove, and a table, and two picters, and dishes, lots on 'em. Guess you're a low set, eatin' and sleepin' on the floor, and never hev no cookin', I'll bet! You ain't no company fur me!"

The little girls drew together, and looked fearfully at their lofty visitor, but after enjoying their evident wonder a moment, Fern became anxious to make them talk again, and tried them on a new tack.

"Where's your dad?"

"Dead," answered both children. "He was a soldier."

"And does yer mother lick ye when she's drunk?" went on Fern, forgetting her new fledged dignity, and drawing up confidentially.

"Mother don't drink," answered Lucy, indignantly.

"Needn't tell that," said Fern, stoutly. "Every body does. My mother, and Hannah, and dad, and Sam, and Miss Hagan, and Martha, and every body; and I mean to when I'm big. I gets a taste now sometimes, when dad ain't cross, and it's good, I tell you!"

Here the baby set up a vociferous cry, or it is uncertain what turn the conversation might have taken. Poor baby! it was hungry like the rest, and though Lucy took it in her arms he refused to be comforted; crowding little fists into tearful eyes, howling at the top of his voice, and kicking frantically under a sense of injury when no dinner answered his appeals. Under any circumstances there is no more hopeless case than your hungry baby, when in the hands of any one but his mother. He is not to be reasoned out of his appetite, or made to forget an empty stomach, by any such unsubstantial devices as "patty-cake." He has no proper sense of distinctions, and will be just as emphatic, and imperative, and get purple in the face, and alarming, just as readily, being a washer-woman's baby, as if he were swaddled in purple and fine linen. The poor little nurse of this special baby walked and patted, hushed and soothed, in vain; herself faint and trembling in every limb, as the end of a loaf, divided between the two children, had been all their breakfast, and dry bread supper, and dinner, and breakfast before that, going back in an indefinite series, variety being supplied by the times when they had none at all. Golden-Hair, equally hungry, and feeling herself hot, dirty, forlorn, and utterly tired out, sat down on the floor and began to cry also, while Fern stood in the door half inclined to be sorry and half to sneer.

There I must leave them. Doubtless the mother, having done the last jot and tittle of her day's work in a house where there is plenty to eat, chairs to sit on, and beds to lie on, will hurry home to comfort her children as well as she can, and give them as much to eat as she dare, in consideration of the fact that she is a widow without friends and money; and competition is so great in the narrow field opened for women's labor, and work in comparison so occasional and accidental, that a dollar or half a dollar must stretch as far as it can. Perhaps her day's work might have been at the house of her landlord; and in that case, if of a logical turn of mind, she will have had the satisfaction of seeing how good is brought out of evil, and wide, high, well-ventilated rooms in a brownstone house, carriages, diamonds, and luxurious living out of the close-packing and reeking nastiness of the tenement houses, and supported on the handsome income in whose bucket every two dollars for a corner of some stifling den is one drop more; and having come to a clear comprehension of what excellent investments are houses occupied by people too ignorant and helpless, or too degraded by extreme misery, to demand that their habitations shall be painted, whitewashed, properly drained, ventilated, or even cleansed after they have been devastated by typhoid or small-pox, she will doubtless return to her humble floor thankful that she and her children can, in their poor way, suffer their evil that good may come—to the landlord.

Be that as it may, I leave the children here perforce, because they are not pen-and-ink creations, but actual children, living, not dying rather, in New York city, whose sad histories have yet to be lived out; and if there is found little to please and much to repel in such portraits as I have drawn, still they have not been searched out by a morbid fancy, and presented because unique; since, however startling, they are but samples—Golden-Hair of the reverses that have already befallen, and are possible for every woman, of no matter what respectability, under the present conditions of woman's labor; and Fern of swarming thousands of helpless victims of the avarice of a few, and the indifference of the many, who live slaves of death and the devil, within sound of the bells, I believe within sight of some of the churches erected in honor of Him who sent word to John that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

IMPATIENCE.

O God, the earth is trampled down,
In sin and shame it lieth;
From every land beneath the sun
A voice accusing crieth.
The nations strive in deadly wars,
The cannon speaks in thunder:
"Arise, and break the prison bars,
And rend the chains asunder!"

The earth is worn by cries of death,
And vexed by petty tyrants;
Sad wailings rise on every breath;
Thou only keepest silence.
Where angels with the harp and song
In Heaven's courts adore Thee,
Can ever mortal grief or wrong
Or prayers come up before Thee?

Yes; the deep mystery unfolds
In light of Revelation;
Sealed for the latter times He holds
His wine of indignation.
Earth's wanderers murmur in their night:
"His chariot-wheels turn slowly;"
Angels that see Him in the light
Make answer: "Holy, holy!"

Justice sits thronéd overhead,
Beyond the highest places;
It is not for our feet to tread
Where angels veil their faces;
Before the burning of the Seven
We earthly well may falter;
We only know the answer given
The souls beneath the Altar.

In white robes stand the witnesses,
Mid incense-clouds enwreathing;
"How long?" they cry—a little space
Before the sword's unsheathing.
Daily with that accusing band
The earth's down-trodden gather;
And ministers of vengeance stand
Ever before the Father.

Faith sees His purpose shining pure
Beyond our sight's discerning.
Oh, just and equal, slow and sure
The mills of God are turning!
Even so, Great Ruler! on whose crown
Eternal years are hoary;
We lay in dust our wisdom down—
Thy patience is Thy glory.

Carl Spencer.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Found in an omnibus, by a gentleman who was seated with his back to the window, *a severe cold.* Any body desirous of having the same can have it by going to the same place, and paying the usual expenses.

MISSES.

I do not love Miss-Fortune—
To her arts I bid defiance—
And I never should importune
To a marriage Miss-Alliance.

I've hated Miss-Construction
Whenever I have seen her;
So I should not, by induction,
Much care for Miss-Demeanor.

But of all the misses various—
That are of horrid pain
The cause, like grinders carious—
The worst is "Miss A Train!"

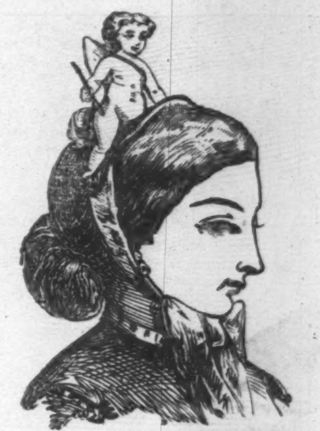
When Hamlet spoke of making his quietus with a bare bodkin, it is evident he meant to try the *awlopathic* mode of getting rid of the many ills his flesh was heir to.

A Traveler's Observation.—The Mormons appear to have turned their territory to good account, in one word, to have *Utah*lized it.

The Jumpers.—Old bachelors must be very happy to think that as this is not leap year they can not be compelled by the fair sex to make the fatal jump through a wedding-ring.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.



THE LATEST STYLE—"THE LOVELY."

Plancus, a famous Roman Consul, was a timber-merchant, and, though thin as a lathe, he staved off the ruin of Rome by balking many of his country's enemies and forcing them to cut their sticks.

LADY CONUNDRUMS.

What lady is good to eat?—Sal Ladd.
What lady is good to eat with her?—Olive Oil.
What lady is made to carry burdens?—Ella Fant.
What lady preaches in the pulpit?—Minnie Stir.
What lady does every body desire?—Ann U. Ity.
What lady is acquainted with surgery?—Ann Atomy.
What lady lived in Noah's time?—Ann T. Diluvian.
What lady is fond of debate?—Polly Tishun.
What lady paints portraits?—Minnie Ture.
What lady paints comic ones—Carrie K. Ture.
What lady is fond of giving?—Jennie Rosity.
What lady is much talked of?—Amelia Ration.

New Dish for a Wedding Breakfast.—Curried favor.

Why is the produce of an olive like the foolish whim of a boy?—Because it is *pure oil* (puerile).

Pan was a famous potter in Thrace, and the inventor of those useful domestic utensils known as pan mugs. Being fond of rusticating on the banks of rivers, to whet his appetite, his waggish and satyrical friends used to style him the "dripping Pan."

A FABLE.

WITH A SOUND MORAL.

A butterfly sat on a lilac-tree,
And he winked his eye at a bumble-bee;
But the bee could despise his sharp attacks,
Because, as you know, he was used to wax.

"Oho," said the butterfly, "bother my wings,
What's the use of you busy things.
Look how splendidly I'm attired,
Made for naught but to be admired."

"Well," said the bee, "for the matter of that,
You're pretty well suited for staring-at;
But—your former existence I don't mean to snub—
Hang fine clothes, so I get my grub!"

Just at that moment one, I should guess a
Savant, caught sight of our foolish *vanessa*,
Then in an instant began to pursue him,
Caught him, and killed him, and ran a pin through him.

The bee flew off and fell in the way
Of a school-boy out for a holiday,
Who caught him at rest on a hedgeside sunny,
And killed him at once for the sake of his honey.

MORAL.

I trust the moral you can descry
Of this tale of a bee and a butterfly,
And the gist of that moral appears to me,
"What is certain to happen is likely to be."

Brutus and Cassius both speculated in the "ides of March," but they each got a good "leathering" at Philippi for doing so.

LOVE.

A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; gazing on the moon and stars; tooth-ache; bleeding at the nose: loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things—save one · blood-shot eyes; and a constant desire to sigh.

Effects.—A strong headache; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imagination bright; bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered pease; and then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair-triggered pistols.

Cure.—Get married. If that don't cure you it will at least open your eyes.

We like fat people—good, jolly, laughing, broad-visaged fat people. We love fat women; fat boys; fat babies; fat purses; a fat list of subscribers; a fat job; fat advertisers; fat every thing. Fatness is a big sign of big health. Fat men are never treacherous; fat women are not sharp-tongued; fat boys are not mischievous; fat babies are always good; in fine, fat people are the kindest, and therefore the most popular. Commend us to fat people.

Why is an auger-hole, when made too deep, like a man in the water?—Because it is *over-bored.*

Aristides of Athens was more just than generous, so the natives literally "shelled" him out of the city.

GOOD TEMPER.

It really is provoking, Charles, you never are put out;
Do what I will, I never can a quarrel bring about.
I hate such pliability—'tis silly and absurd;
I like a man to have a *will* and let me have a *word*.

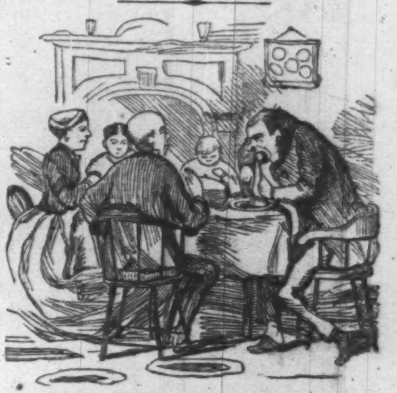
If all our lives could be as calm as summer sea asleep,
Do just imagine, if you can, what dullards we should keep!
A breezy day, a darling stream, an onward rolling sea
Are like the life you *ought* to lead—the sort of life for me!

I should so like to set you in a passion now and then!
I'm sure I try enough; but no, you're not like other men.
Good temper's aggravating when it's carried out so far,
And, Charles, you put me in a rage to see how calm you are.

You *know* I'm very hasty, Charles, yet never say a word;
We might have famous squabbles, and we might be *so* absurd!
But, of course, we'd keep them to ourselves, nor let the neighbors know,
And make them up delightfully as we used to long ago.

I can't think what's come over you since we were girl and boy;
We used to quarrel often then; and when had life such joy!
So let us now renew our youth, and fling our years away,
And lead again the happy lives we led in that old day.

I shouldn't *so* much mind it, Charles, if you would only speak,
And I think I'd be contented if we quarreled once a week.
'Twould be a great improvement on our stupid, quiet life;
And I think you *ought* to do it to give pleasure to your wife!



GRACELESS WORDS BEFORE MEAT.

Pious Uncle (*to nephew from the country*). "John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat."

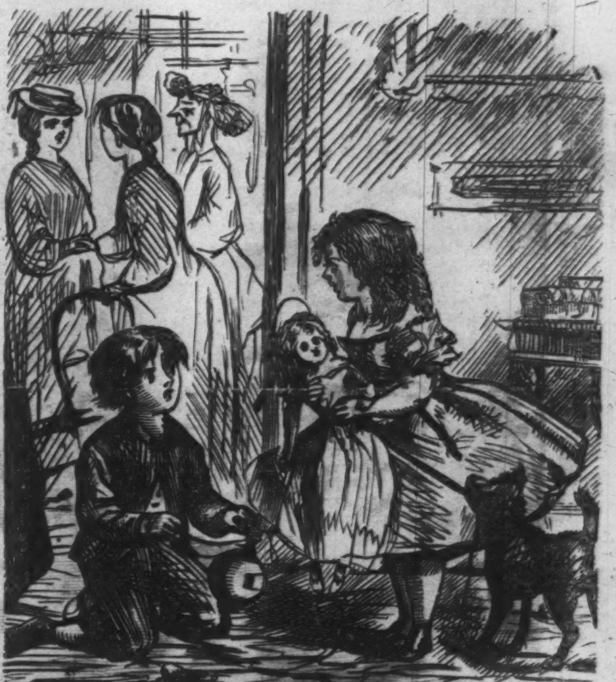
Hungry Nephew (*who thinks of the usual jokes they have on the canal-boat*). "Go ahead! You can't turn *my* stomach!"

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who was extending his jaws frightfully, "as I intend to stand *outside* of it to draw your tooth."

A miller had his neighbor arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

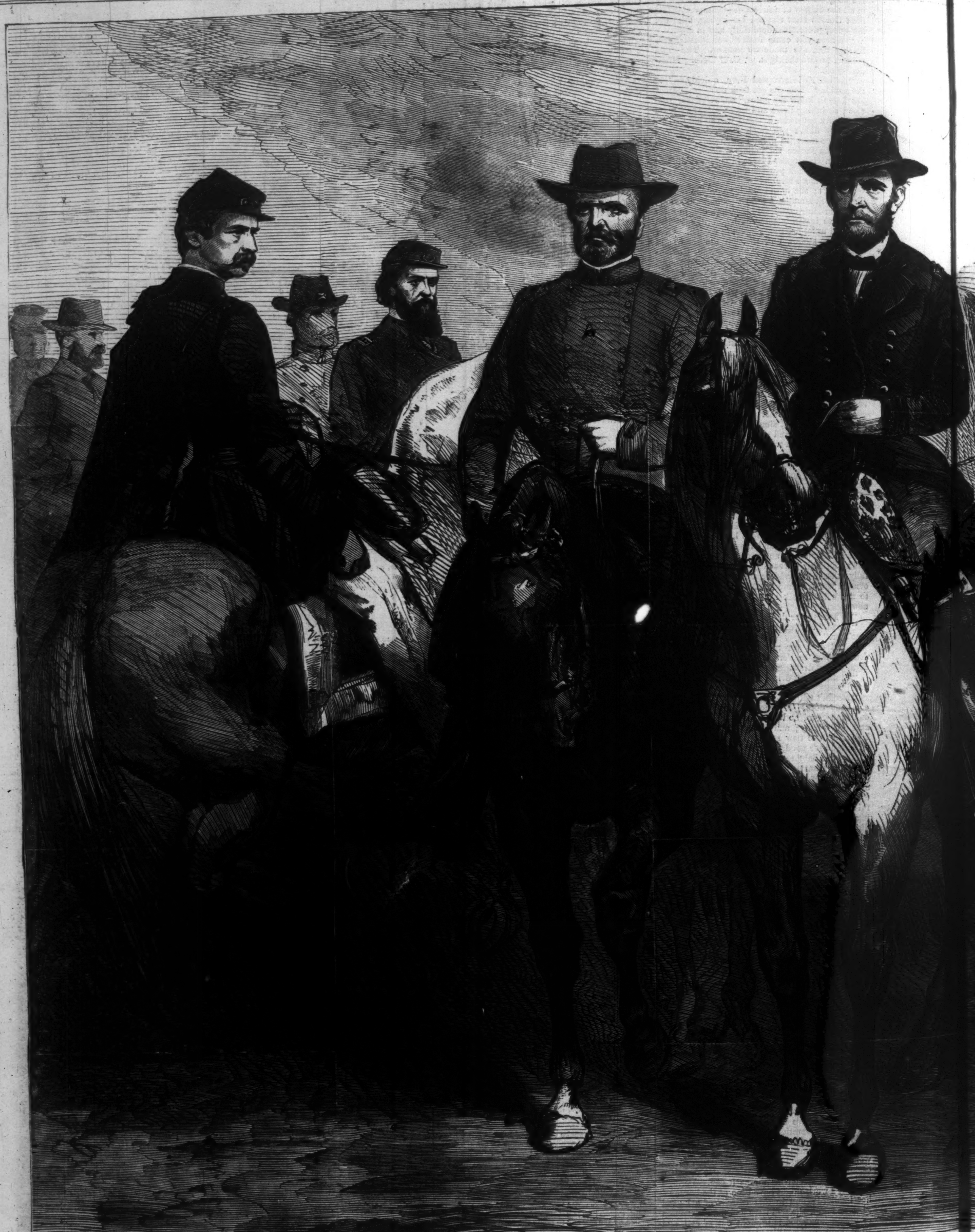
We do not remember of ever seeing any thing in the shape of a joke of Sir Walter Scott's in print. There is one of his, however, that will be forever associated with his memory, we mean his "Jock of Hazeldean."

The common phrase of "giving a person a good hiding" is as old as the foundation of Carthage. Dido paid for as much land as could be bound by the hide of an ox. She cut the hide into thin strips, when it circumscribed the dimensions of a city. The natives, taken in by this bait, acknowledged themselves beaten—hence the phrase in question.



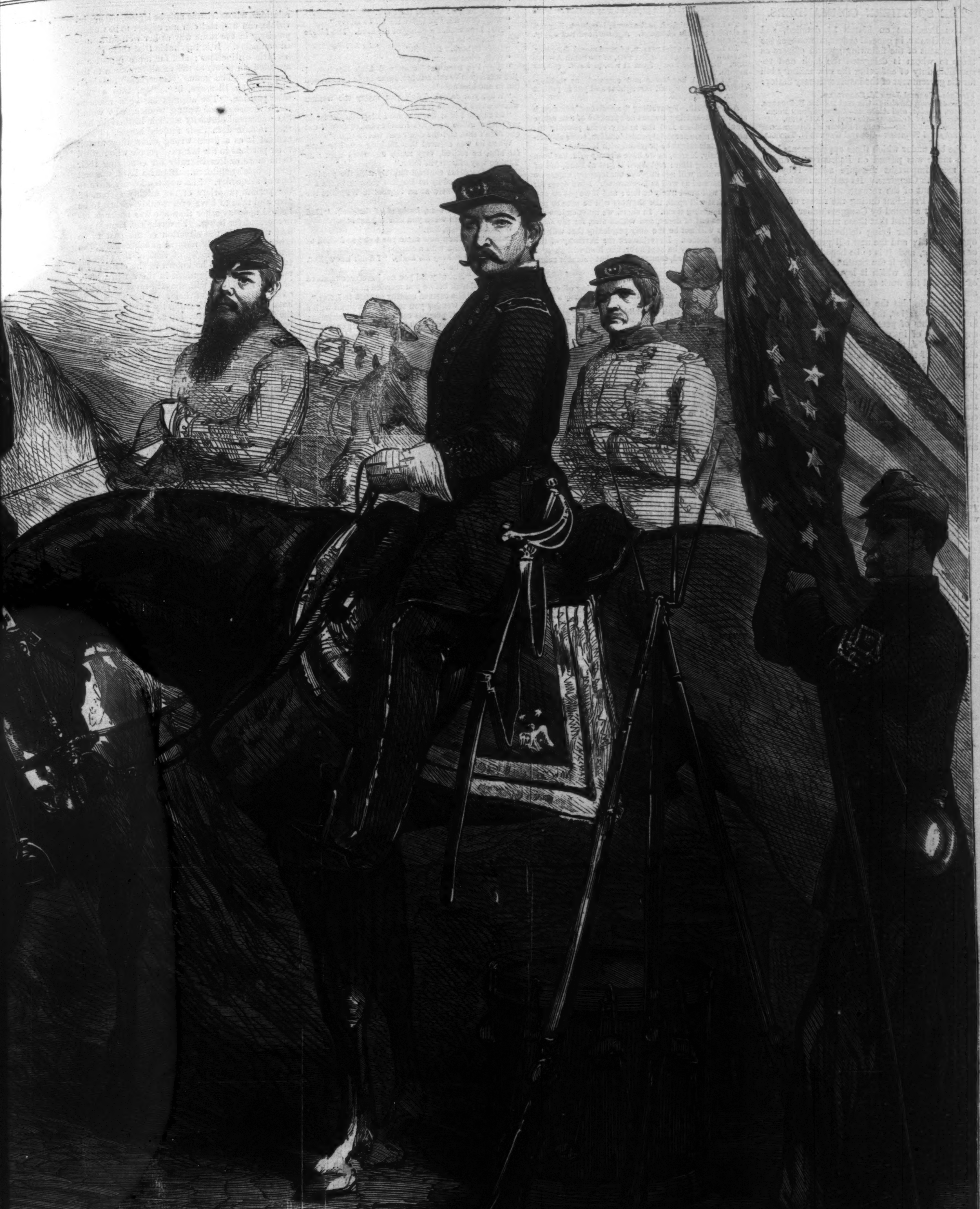
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

Cousin Clara. "Now, Willie, when you are near me you really must not go on your Knees!—People are sure to make Remarks."



Major-General Daniel E. Sickles. Major-General John Pope. Major-General George H. Thomas. General Ulysses S. Grant.

THE NEW MILITARY COMMANDERS IN THE



Brevet Major-General John M. Schofield. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. Brevet Major-General E. O. C. Ord.

INSURRECTIONARY STATES.—[See Page 218.]

THE SOUTHERN COMMANDERS.

The President on March 13 detailed, and General Grant, in general orders, announced the appointment of the following general officers as those to whom is delegated the high and responsible duty of enforcing the new military bill for the government of the insurrectionary States:

Virginia—General John M. Schofield.
North and South Carolina—General Daniel E. Sickles.
Georgia, Florida, and Alabama—General John Pope.
Mississippi and Arkansas—General E. O. C. Ord.
Louisiana and Texas—General Philip H. Sheridan.
Kentucky and Tennessee—General George H. Thomas.

The bill under which these appointments have been made was passed on February 20, and is the most important measure adopted by the Thirty-ninth Congress. Its passage marked the abandonment of the reconstruction schemes begun by the President during the recess of 1865, and in part adopted by Congress under protest. Its passage decided that those measures had signally failed, after being deliberately and thoroughly tested; and the new bill provides another and wiser, and, it is to be hoped, a more successful plan. By it the South is again placed in the condition in which it lay on the surrender of Lee, and the work of reconstruction is begun anew.

The bill decides the duties of the new commanders to be: 1*st*, the protection of *all* persons in their rights of person and property; 2*d*, the suppression of insurrection, disorder, and violence; and 3*d*, the trial and punishment of all disturbers of the public peace, the officers being authorized to employ civil tribunals or military courts or committees for this purpose at their option. State and civil authority, when conflicting with that of the military power, is declared null and void; and martial law is virtually proclaimed, accompanied by such restrictions as leaves it to the people of the South to decide by their behavior how severe and odious, or benign and prosperous, the military reign shall be.

We give in this issue an elegant picture showing the new commanders, grouped and on horseback, with General Grant, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, is virtually the ruler of the Southern States of the Union, in the centre. The likenesses are accurate, and the picture is well worthy of careful preservation.

APRIL.

I hear through all the solemn pines
The south wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
O'er fields of azure go,
While all the sorrow from the earth
Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare;
They can not know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

And *we* will sing, though all our days
Seem dark with pain and loss;
We know that Sorrow's furnace-heat
Consumes alone our dross;
We know that one dear Father's love
Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-toss'd bough the bird
Still builds its happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
And trust Him for the rest!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

March has been a trying month for people's tempers and for their boots. The fitful vagaries of the weather have tended to make every one who is not a paragon of goodness simply *cross*. We may be *surprised* when an unusually heavy snow-storm comes in midwinter, the huge drifts are unwelcome in our crowded streets even though in season. But when a big slice of January No. 2 is sandwiched into the middle of March it makes a novel and unpalatable dish which few are able to digest. Sleigh-rides and skating are such strange amusements in New York city for the month of March that they do not meet with an altogether cordial reception. Then it is difficult to keep one's mind in such a placid state that no ill-humor will peep out, when, after going to sleep, with the bright moonlight gleaming through the windows, we are roused at midnight by howling winds and greeted with a blinding vision of snow-drifts in the morning. Yet such has been our frequent experience during this strange March.

Moreover, this particular March, with its snow-drifts and muddy streets, has been especially vexatious to the myriads who are "*hunting for houses.*" If the great "hue and cry" upon this topic is an index of the truth the most careful estimate would lead to the inference that something like one quarter of this entire community, more or less, will be obliged to roost on the side-walks May-day night, excepting such as can be accommodated in the station houses.

In view of this crisis, and as the grand object of life is, of course, to make money, we suggest to brokers and others that they might make a "good thing of it" by issuing an extra "list," something after the following fashion:

To Let—A first-class cart, pleasantly located in Thirty-fifth Street. Owner to use the same during the day. Terms $20 per month.

To Let—One settee in Central Park, when not wanted by visitors. Location first-class, $250 per year.

To Let—To a responsible party, the upper door-step of a handsome brown-stone, high-stoop house in Twenty-seventh Street. Inquire of Smith & Co., 000 Broadway.

To Let—To a strictly private family without children, part of a hall bedroom. Owner will board with tenant in part payment for rent.

To Let—One large, new flag-stone, in West Fifty-first Street. Part of the payment may remain on bond and mortgage.

To Let—Furnished, as the owner is going to Europe, a strictly private bedstead. Agents need not apply. Rent $450.

To Let—To a quiet person, of good moral character, one-third of a seat in car No. 2581, of the Sixth Avenue line. To be used only from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M. $50 per month.

To Let—A handsome and commodious rocking-chair. Will be painted throughout and put in perfect order. Terms $275.

And so forth. By availing themselves of some such style of advertising owners and brokers of real estate would doubtless find the money come pouring in; and, as a mere secondary consideration, some shelterless mortals might be provided with lodgings.

Seriously, March, as we have already said, has been a very trying time; and April is just at hand, full of tricks, which will not improve our tempers, unless we are forearmed as well as forewarned. If we dress for rain, it will most likely be fine; and if we put on any thing that will spoil, the showers will be sure to pay us for doubting them. In short, we must expect annoyances out of doors, and within also, for the *house question* will not be the only perplexity that will invade our homes. Nevertheless the harmony of the family circle may be kept unbroken if all will observe a few old-fashioned, commonplace, but valuable rules, such as these:

Take a cheerful view of every thing.

Watch for little opportunities of pleasing others.

Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy.

Be very gentle with the children.

Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them when you can.

Do not expect too much from others.

Remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

With some such simple code as the basis of family intercourse, Mrs. Smith can without fear or distress inform her husband that the last gas-bill was nearly double that of the preceding month; or that the papers announce that ice dealers are making an effort to establish rates 25 per cent. in advance of those of last summer. If, in spite of March winds and snows, and April showers—in spite of high rents, extortionate gas-bills, enormous market charges, and the numberless vexations of getting one's bread-and-butter—we will only cheerfully look about, we shall find a good deal going on in the world both amusing and interesting, without being annoying.

They certainly are very smart in Chicago, and accomplish a great deal in a very short time. Not long ago a man in that city was married, got into a quarrel with his new wife, and secured a divorce, all within four hours. This will make an interesting item for the family Bible of either party—if either party has a Bible.

A most remarkable man recently died in Toledo. His will is an extraordinary document. He left his wife half his estate during her widowhood; the other half to go to her when she married again.

A London journal tells the story of an awkward mistake made by a foreign gentleman visiting Paris, who received an invitation to a state ball at the Tuileries. Having ascertained that he must appear "*en uniform,*" he ordered a splendid suit of blue and gold, which attracted his fancy. When he arrived at the Palace he was flattered by the attention which he at first received, but soon noticed that many looked at him with surprise, evidently inquiring who he was. Presently an official, in a gorgeous scarlet and gold uniform, came up to him, and, in a somewhat peremptory tone, requested him to follow him into the next room. The fact was, the unfortunate gentleman had furnished himself with a senator's dress.

A good story is told of a certain Professor H——, of Indiana, who is an original genius, and as fond of a joke as he is of fresh air. Recently he tried to raise a window in the car where he was sitting, but could not move it. He called the conductor to assist him, but with no better result, when he knocked the pane of glass out with his cane, saying—

"Now we will have a little fresh air."

"Sir," said the conductor, "you must pay for that."

"How much?" asked the Professor.

"One dollar," answered the conductor.

Professor H—— passed him a two-dollar bill. The conductor was about to hand back a dollar in change, when the cool Professor quiety said—

"Never mind: I'll take another pane."

And, with another stroke of his cane, he let God's fresh atmosphere in through a second window.

"Well," exclaimed the conductor, "you can't have any more at that price. It's not first cost."

A sensation has been produced in a small town in Indiana by an old lady nearly sixty eloping with her husband's hired boy, a young fellow aged nineteen. The boy, it appears, broke his arm a while ago, and was tenderly nursed by the old lady while disabled. The nurse, however, fell in love with her patient, and the feeling being reciprocated the oddly-matched pair made their arrangements to elope, with various goods and chattels, to Louisville, where they set up housekeeping on their own account. Their whereabouts was accidentally discovered by the bereaved husband, who, in a subsequent communication to a newspaper, speaks of his wife's conduct as a "Strange Freak of Nature."

A wealthy and eccentric Englishman recently died in Vienna. He was of extraordinary size, being seven feet tall and broad in proportion. Being—as it would seem—desirous to make the most of himself, a few days before his death he sold his body to a museum of natural history, and received the money.

They have singular ideas of matrimony at Cairo, as the following incidents recently occurring in that "moral centre of the intellectual world" will indicate: At a wedding at the fashionable hotel in Cairo the bridegroom sampled wine till he forgot he was a newly-married man, and went off to his old room to bed and to sleep. About one o'clock in the morning the landlord happened to pass the young man's room, and noticed that he was in there asleep, and approaching him, shook him violently, and asked him what he was doing there, and why he was not with his wife. He rubbed his eyes, and, on being made to understand the question, exclaimed, "Gracious! I'd forgot about being married." The young wife had waited until her patience was exhausted; and, when the truant husband made his appearance, she was dressed and ready to leave. But the matter was talked over, and at length amicably arranged.

That is the Cairo style at the hotels. In humbler circles a different tone prevails. A few weeks ago a stout darkey applied to the County Clerk for a marriage license, which was given him. A few days afterward back he came, and said:

"Massa Clerk, you 'member 'bout dem license?"

"What license?" asked the clerk.

"Why, dem what you give me for to marry."

"No; I remember nothing of the kind. Did I issue you a license to marry?"

"Dat's it, boss. Dat's it."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why, I'se tried dat 'oman, and don't like her. I jist wants you to rub out her name in de license, and put in anudder one."

"Why, you rascal, didn't you marry the woman whose name I put in the license?"

"Of course I did; but you see I keeps de license in my pocket all de time, so's I could change dem if dat one didn't suit, and she don't suit worf a cent!"

When he was assured that nothing could be done for him, he retired, very much disgusted with "de Yankee way of marryin' folks."

These instances contrast forcibly with the prudential view presented by an English coroner in the following dialogue held at an inquest in Wiltshire the other day:

Coroner (*to old man, husband of deceased*). "Had your wife a cough when you married her?"

Witness. "Yaas, Zur."

Coroner. "Then how came you to be so foolish as to marry a woman with a cough?"

Witness (*scratching his head*). "I don't know, Zur. I s'pose I liked her."

Coroner. "But why did you not have her examined by a medical man before you married her?"

Witness. "She seemed healthy enough to I, Zur."

Coroner. "I wonder you married a woman with a cough. I think if persons contemplating matrimony were to give a surgeon a fee for a certificate certifying that the woman was of sound health, it would prevent many melancholy spectacles we are often called to witness."

A new method of skating is described in a Quebec paper. We hope it will not be of much service to New York ladies *this* season; but we recommend them to make a memorandum of it, and put it in practice about January, 1868. A young lady recently made her appearance on one of the Quebec skating rinks with a large Newfoundland dog. Attached to the collar round the animal's neck was a pair of reins; these she held in her hands, and the dog directing her course on the ice, she in this way skipped along in very swift and graceful style.

A Massachusetts minister has preached a sermon about the great snow-storm of January 17, in which he calculates that if all the snow of that one storm had fallen upon the State of Massachusetts it would have made a monument twice as high as Bunker Hill Monument, and if it had all fallen upon the city of Roxbury it would have constituted a pile ten times the height of Mount Washington.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

Being already late for their appointment when they started, it was only in the order of things that they should be still more delayed on their way. Mrs. Lyon had a pet theory about short cuts. It was a theory that was not based upon measurement, or reason, or any thing tangible, but upon the slightly illogical sentence that "short cuts are often the longest." So this day, when Miss Talbot gave Mr. Bathurst's address, and added, "Through the Park and out at the Victoria Gate," Mrs. Lyon interpolated, with considerable earnestness, "*I* should say Park Lane."

"Better through the Park," Blanche said, quickly, settling herself back in her seat, and trying to catch Miss Talbot's eye, and telegraph something equivalent to "Stand to your guns" to her. But the worthy intention was defeated; Miss Talbot looked at her chaperon and repeated, hesitatingly—

"Through Park Lane did you say?"

"Yes, certainly, *I* should say." Mrs. Lyon spoke affably, as became one who was victorious, and about the beneficial effects of whose victory there could be no sane doubt. Accordingly the order was given, and they drove through Park Lane, or rather did not drive through, but got into a block, and passed an uneventful twenty minutes in looking out through the carriage-windows at one of Pickford's vans, which period of quiescence crushed Mrs. Lyon into an abject frame of mind, and rendered her specially alive to the vanity of all earthly joys and the transitory nature of all triumphs.

"Whenever one does any thing for the best, one is sure to find that one had better have let things go their own way," she remarked, by way of explanation, when at last they reached Mr. Bathurst's house, and the two young men came from the studio to meet them with laughing reproaches for their being so late. And somehow or other both girls felt the explanation to be all-sufficient, and the block in Park Lane a facetious trifle, and every thing as pleasant as possible, and incapable of improvement.

She would have sought to banish or explain away the fact, if it had been put before her in so many words; but it was a fact that Blanche Lyon had a better feeling of equality with these people with whom she had been compelled to come and live in a dependent position when she and they were in the society of Frank Bathurst, her cousin. She was grateful to the good-tempered, good-looking, educated, rich gentleman for being her relation. Down at the Grange, where she had been as kindly, conscientiously, and considerately treated as any girl (or, at any rate, any girl who is a governess) can be, she had still been aware that she was so treated by an effort—a tiny and admirably concealed one, certainly, but still an effort. Blanche Lyon was a girl to the full as practical and sensible as she was proud and sensitive; and so, though she recognized this fact, she at the same time recognized the impossibility of its being other than it was. The woman who stands alone, with no apparent relations, whose friends may be legion, but are invisible, can not, and can not expect to be treated precisely in the same way as her well-surrounded compeers. It is inevitable that there should be little distinctions; and far more injustice is awarded (in print) to the employers than to the employed. The genus "Governess" has been idealized by ill-usage, in fiction, into a very false position. The attempt has been made to teach thousands of young women, who would have accepted obscurity as their birth-right had they remained in their fathers' homes, to gird against it as a great wrong when they find it their portions in the homes of people who reward them more or less liberally for educating their (the people's) children. Blanche Lyon was not one of this order. She was too keenly alive to the perfect propriety of the mighty system of give and take to have ever weakly wished to be looked upon as other than she was and was remunerated for being. Nevertheless, though she had never felt the situation of the past to be other than perfectly natural and becoming, she did feel the superiority of that of the present. It was pleasant to be known as the cousin of a man of considerable mark in the set in which, however good their will, she still must be regarded as not quite one of them. It was pleasant to have him gladly and gallantly putting forward the fact of this relationship as a thing of which he had to be proud. It was pleasanter to know that she was not regarded any more as an isolated being, but rather as the most important link in the great chain of events which had made Frank Bathurst what he was. The old talk with her father, held on the subject of old Mr. Lyon's offer, came back vividly to her mind as she came into the house of "Bathurst's boy," and knew him for the motive-power of that meeting.

She could but rejoice in him for being what he was, and (being herself) she could but rejoice and be glad in him openly. The position can readily be realized. She liked him for being what he was, and she liked him the better for being it partly through her agency. In her rash, impulsive, chivalrous, unadvised girlishness, she had rejected the prospect which Frank had realized. More of the old conversation floated back in scraps. She had said perhaps "Bathurst's boy might take a fancy to her," and her father had said that "more improbable things occurred frequently." But, though she remembered this, no hope of its being the case now brightened the sunshine which seemed to radiate from his presence and warm her into closer relationship with him. It gladdened her to her soul's core that he should seem taken, dazzled, fond of her. He was too bright and bonnie for the bright bonnie woman who had unconsciously helped to shape his good fortune, not to be interested in his interest for her.

While as for him he was a man with a quick eye for the beautiful, with a keen appreciation for the sympathetic, with a catholicity of sentiment respecting the lovable, and, as Lionel Talbot had said, with the germs of inconstancy in him. He had had the habit of loving all that was lovely from his boyhood, and the habit had got him into more than one bitterly-lamented scrape. He was musical, poetical, artistic, æsthetic altogether. It was his fate to get very fond very often. It was his fancy to be touchingly gentle to every pair of beautiful eyes and soft hands that respectively brightened and smoothed his path. His affections were not very deep; on the contrary, they were shallow, but they were marvelously wide. His voice always took a tender tone, his eyes always had a loving look in them when he addressed a young and pretty woman. It was as natural to him that it should be so as that he should gather a rose with a careful hand, or ride a fine-mouthed horse with a light rein. He was no gay deceiver. His adoration was invariably thoroughly meant as long as it lasted. His sweet words never knew a false ring. His likings did not always die away when the object disappeared: they would lay in abeyance, and would be ready to spring up greenly again when the object returned. And, with all this fickleness about them, he still thought well of women, believed in them as in beings who were infinitely purer and better than himself. It was a great element in his love that it never turned to contempt. It waned and went to sleep, but it never woke up disgusted with that it had formerly delighted in; and this must be added in its favor, that hitherto it had never fallen upon unworthy objects.

These two young women, both beautiful, both well inclined to him, neither of whom he had known a month ago, were great sources of joy to him just now. He was not a man to make plans and lay schemes. He took things as they came, and brightened them generally by his own way of looking at them. But Trixy Talbot and Blanche Lyon needed no adventitious brightening; without it they dazzled him quite sufficiently.

It was hard to say which of the two young men was the master of the house, so each girl had the satisfaction of feeling that she was the guest of a brother or a cousin especially. There was a brief discussion—a good-humored dissension as to which should be done honor to first, the pictures or the luncheon. The first place was given to the latter eventually; and Blanche sat next to Frank Bathurst, and was made much of by him, because she made it easy for him to make much of her, by being entirely unfettered in her own manners; and Trixy's sparkling wine might have been verjuice in consequence.

For it is a fact that Miss Talbot was very much in love with the one who acted so thoroughly up to the poet's advice to young men: "Gather ye roses while ye may;" and I, as her historian, refuse to treat it as essential to the art which is placing her before you, that good and unassailable reasons for the love be given. They are not given in real life; they are not asked for. A shallow substitute for the "reason why" is offered occasionally by well-meaning people, who like to explain natural laws without in the faintest degree comprehending their deep significance. When a marriage comes off, and all looks fair and smooth before the newly-united pair, excellent sounding solutions of the mystery of their love are freely offered. They were born in the same county; or they both had a well-marked preference for the melodrama over the burlesque of life; or they both liked the same books, or parson, or made-dishes, or some other admirable reason for wedding. But no one ever stands forth as champion for the sufficiency of the causes which brought about the love between people who make each other miserable by falling away before marriage. The event is allowed to make all the difference; and that is wisdom and discretion if the ring be won, which is forward folly if it be not.

Therefore, for a while, Trixy Talbot must stand accused of the latter offense; for, without having any excellent reasons to give, she had found Frank Bathurst's winning words and looks irresistible to the point of falling in love with him. Desperately in love—so desperately that all her sweet armor of self-possession and affected unconsciousness of his admiration failed her. She hung upon his accents in a way that made her seem absent and stupid; she thrilled to the touch of his hand in a way that made her afraid to resign hers to his clasp when others were by; she wearied for his words when he was silent, for his meaning when he spoke; she was vaguely jealous of every unknown woman upon whom his soft glances might have fallen in the past; she was painfully, pitiably alive to the fact of his having taken no greater trouble to make her these things than he took probably with every woman who pleased his taste. She was keenly conscious of having a formidable rival in Blanche, if Blanche chose to rival her; and how could Blanche "but choose, with such cause for rivalry?" she asked herself, in her impassioned infatuation. In fact, she was entirely in love, and so at a disadvantage. She felt sick under all the sudden alternations of unfounded hopes and despairs which assailed her, as Frank Bathurst was gallant and gay to herself or to his beautiful cousin. She shrank from the thought of the parting that would inevitably come when they had looked at the pictures and it would be time to go home to dinner. She was feverishly impatient for a new move to be made every moment. Her heart went up absurdly high when he bent down to lament her lack of appetite in low tones, coming round to the back of her chair to do it, and so seeming to make her comfort peculiarly his own. It (her heart) went down, equally without good cause, when he left her and returned to his place by Blanche; for Miss Lyon's hand was on the table, twirling a rose about, and the handsome young host put his own upon it gently, as he impressively offered his cousin something that she did not want. And Blanche, whose hand staid steady under the touch—Blanche, whose brilliant eyes met the very warmly admiring glance of his quite coolly—Blanche, who was so little affected by his low tones as to answer them in loud ones—became, despite her beauty, a horrible object in poor Trixy Talbot's eyes—those sweet violet eyes that ached when Mr. Frank Bathurst used little seductive tones and airs and gestures in commending the claret to the new beauty, to whom it was meet and right and his bounden duty to show such homage, since she was his cousin.

Not that he was at all off with the comparatively old love whose figure he had sketched in for "Venus" in the picture, the second subject from "Tannhäuser," which had rather put the first in the back-ground. He liked being sweet to them both; he would have been amiably charmed by their both being sweet to him in return. He was gifted with such a mighty fund of fondness that he could not resist nourishing all the attractive recipients of the quality who came in his way. It came so easy to him to love, to be very much fascinated, and be just a little thrown out of gear, and even a little sleepless about more than one woman at a time, that he gave no thought to Miss Talbot being in the least uncomfortable, or having cause to be so. There had been soft pleasure to him in feeling sure that she had found it pleasant to have him standing by her chair, anxious to tend upon her, earnest in waiting on her. There had been equally soft pleasure to him in taking Blanche's small hand in his, when the occasion scarcely called for the act; in feeling how slender and smooth it was, and how delicate it looked resting there in his clasp; and, as he never denied himself any pleasure that might be his harmlessly, he took these, and enjoyed, and was grateful for them, like the sinless sensualist he was. And Trixy Talbot saw that he did the one and was the other, and still loved him desperately.

It has been brought as a reproach against modern fiction that a good deal of the action takes place at, and a good deal of the interest is made to centre in, the dinner-table. In the face of this reproach it must be declared that no sequestered sylvan glade, no moon-lighted cathedral cloisters, no whirling waltz, no number of village rambles with "the object" in the cause of "being good to the poor," can ripen the sentiments which are the bricks and mortar of all novels more swiftly and surely than does the well-selected and carefully-furnished hospitable board. People are apt to get very near to each other's hearts and minds (when the guests and hosts are young, especially); all try to be at their best; and it stands to reason that men and women at their best are considerably more attractive to one another than at any other time. Flowers and wine, and wit and beauty—and, in the present case, the unusualness of the thing—ought to work, and do work. The little party I have been describing felt that, if they had known each other from childhood, they could not have known each other better, or liked each other more than they did under existing circumstances, when they rose at length to go and look at the pictures.

"By-the-way, I left my model when I came to meet you," Frank Bathurst said to Miss Lyon, as, with her by his side, he led the way to his studio. Then he went on to tell her what a wonderful effect Lionel had succeeded in producing with the representation of waves alone. "He's by way of being a genius: there's not a boat, or a gull, or a light-house, or any thing but water on his canvas; and still you get pulled up before it."

When he paid that tribute to his friend's talent Blanche felt that there must be an immense deal in Frank Bathurst. She rendered up her hand to him with delightful readiness, as he offered to help her over the threshold, and then down the flight of steps which came between the back and front part of his studio; and she spoke out her admiration for his "Battle of the Bards" with hearty eloquence when they paused before it.

"Now I want to show Miss Talbot something," he exclaimed, impatiently, as he saw Beatrix walking on with her brother; "I hope that fellow won't point it out to her first."

"Go and stop his doing so," Blanche said, quickly. And Mr. Bathurst took her advice; and presently Lionel Talbot came and joined Miss Lyon, leaving his sister very happy by the act.

"There is a good deal of spirit in that," Blanche said, waving her hand at large toward the huge canvas whereon "Tannhäuser" was depicted, in the midst of a well-dressed mob, giving vent to the defiance:

> "Grim bards of love who nothing know,
> Now ends the unequal fight between us
> Dare as I dared! to Hörsel go,
> And taste love on the lips of Venus."

"A great deal of spirit," she repeated, feeling at the moment utterly unable to offer any other art criticism.

"Yes," he replied, "I wish Bathurst would work at it, instead of wasting his time on the other one."

"What is the other one?"

"Come and see it."

"No, no," she said, as she glanced in the direction he would have taken, and saw her mother in mid-distance, and Miss Talbot and Mr. Bathurst further on: "I want to see yours first."

"Then come and look at it." And he led her to the other end of the long studio; and they stood alone before the waves that had steeped his mind in admiration for their wild beauty long ago on the Cornish coast.

She stood in silence for a while, not only averse to, but incapable now of offering an opinion, respecting the painting the more for his being the painter of it, and the painter the more for the painting being his. Letting her admiration for both react upon each other, in fact, with a subtlety that women often employ in like cases.

"What are you going to call it?" she asked, at length, abruptly.

"Frank Bathurst suggests as a motto for the Academy catalogue, 'What are the wild waves saying?' do you like it?"

"Yes—were you alone when you got to love those waves?"

"Quite alone," he replied; and then as she almost seemed to sigh in relief as she looked up at him, he repeated more emphatically still, "Quite alone."

If he had repeated the words a dozen times she would not have been satiated with the sound of them, but would have cried in her heart, "That strain again? it hath a dying fall." It was music to her, sweet, full, rich, sufficient. Music to her, that assurance he gave her that the wild waves said nothing to him of one whom he had loved and looked upon when he loved and looked upon them. She was quite contented with that implied assurance—quite charmed with the fitness of the motto—quite satisfied with what the "wild waves were saying," and quite oblivious of Frank Bathurst. Beatrix Talbot's impulse toward Lionel had been a true one; her brother was her best friend.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAPHNE.

THERE was a conservatory at the garden end of the studio. At least it had been a conservatory, but was now cleared of its plants and occupied by a dais for the models to pose upon. From one end of this part of the studio a spiral staircase led up to an observatory on the leads, where a delightful view, consisting of a bit of Bayswater and a slice of Kensington Gardens, could be had. Up this staircase the four young people walked after a time, leaving Mrs. Lyon (who had been more engrossed by the lay figures than any thing else) to follow at her leisure.

"Story" the waves had "none to tell" to her. "Venus" on the mountain made her uncomfortable, and brought back all her doubts as to the wisdom of having come here; and the "spirited" composition of the Battle of the Bards seemed to her simply a representation of an infernal orgie. But she took a calm pleasure in examining the magnified doll, and trying how its joints worked; thus innocently destroying some folds in the drapery which Frank had spent a long time in arranging that morning.

"A nice room wasted—entirely wasted," she said to herself, as she surveyed the studio. Frank Bathurst had been at considerable trouble and expense about this studio. He had first had two rooms on the ground-floor thrown into one, and then he had put up a groined and vaulted oak ceiling, thus spoiling the rooms above it. It had a richly-colored window at one end; pomegranate-hued curtains of soft sweeping velvet fell in full folds from ceiling to floor. It was enriched with oak carvings, with ebony brackets and bronzes; with perfect casts from perfect originals, with rare old glass, with a deeply-embossed shield resting on some sort of stand of metal in which Quintin Matsys had had a hand. The sunlight, what there was of it on that winter's day, fell upon the floor in broad rich masses; the shadows laid in unbroken grand depths; there was nothing slight, nothing pale, nothing puerile about the room, and Mrs. Lyon deemed it very dull.

She had been uncertain whether to go with them when they went up on the leads or to stay behind. While revolving the uncertainty in her mind, their voices sounded faintly in what seemed the far distance to her, and at the same time a tall, curiously-carved screen, drawn across in such a way as almost to cut off a corner of the room, caught her attention. So, with an emphatically-worded observation on the folly of people taking so many unnecessary steps to see so little as could be seen from the top of a house in Bayswater, Mrs. Lyon walked toward the screen, and proceeded to curiously inspect it.

It was an elaborate piece of workmanship, modern, perfectly artistic in proportion, and delicate in detail. Titania, Oberon, and Puck wreathing themselves and each other in fanciful garlands in the centre, and wood-nymphs and satyrs doing nothing remarkable at the sides. "A nicely-grained piece of wood spoiled!" Mrs. Lyon thought, as she put her hand upon it to see whether the dimness came from dust or not (in order that she might do a good turn to the helpless gentlemen who owned it, by denouncing the dusty proclivities of their house-maid). She put her hand upon it; the screen turned easily on a swivel at the lightest touch, and it revolved, leaving the corner exposed. Mrs. Lyon uttered a little cry of mingled horror and virtuous satisfaction at having unearthed the cause of it, for there, in a large arm-chair, her head thrown back upon the "velvet violet lining," a pretty yellow-haired girl lay sleeping.

The girl and all the accessories were so pretty that most people would have been content to keep silence, and look on the scene as one of the fair sights in life which, perfect in themselves, may be suffered to pass by unquestioned. But Mrs. Lyon liked to grapple with difficulties that were not—loved to defend what was not assailed, delighted in putting things straight before they were crooked. "I can scarcely believe my eyes," she exclaimed, believing them thoroughly the while, and quite ready to do battle in the cause of their trustworthiness, should any one hint at optical delusion. "I can scarcely believe my eyes; young woman, this is shameless!"

The girl, who had opened her eyes at the first sound, sat up at the last words and suppressed a yawn. She was dressed in a costume for which Mrs. Lyon had no precedent, though Frank Bathurst had given much thought and consideration to it; and on her bright yellow-haired head she had a little cap of black velvet, bordered with seed pearls. In fact, she was the model for the "princess" for whose heart and hand the bards were singing; and she had fallen asleep after waiting a long time for Mr. Bathurst, and now she woke up, startled and rather cross.

"This is shameless," Mrs. Lyon repeated; and the girl, thinking she was being rebuked for drowsiness, being indeed guiltless of every other offense, waxed petulant with the old lady who came instead of the smiling, handsome, agreeable gentleman whom she (the model) had expected to see. She was a pretty girl, and her beauty was very much in favor that year; accordingly her time was fully occupied, and she was getting into the habit of giving herself little airs of conferring a favor when she kept an appointment. Moreover, she was a good deal admired in a certain dance in one of the pantomimes, for she joined the profession of ballet-girl to that of model. On the whole, it will readily be surmised that she was not likely to be meek under the reproof of Mrs. Lyon.

"Then he should have come back," she retorted, on the supposition that she had been wanted and missed while she had been sleeping. And she pushed her bright yellow hair out of her eyes and glanced up defiantly, instead of being crushed to the ground, as Mrs. Lyon had half anticipated seeing her.

"He should have come back!" Mrs. Lyon repeated the words in sheer amazement at their audacity. "He" was her remote relation, "he" might be good enough to marry Blanche, if no awful discoveries were made; and this "minx," as she called the popular model in her wrath, dared to speak of him thus familiarly.

"It's too late for any thing now, so I shall go," the girl said, rising up and casting a glance toward the darkening shadows that were falling over the dais where she had sat a princess in the morning; then the stream of Mrs. Lyon's virtuous eloquence burst the banks of astonishment and indignation, and she poured forth a flood of words that were utterly incomprehensible, but at the same time intensely aggravating to the model.

"Too late! lost! lost! unhappy creature!"

"Oh! it's not of such consequence as that," the girl interrupted, hastily tossing her head; then she added something relative to Mr. Bathurst missing her more than she should him—a statement which caused Mrs. Lyon to tremble and pronounce the word "abandoned" under her breath.

As the girl leisurely put off the jacket and tunic and velvet cap of royalty, and inducted herself into the bonnet and mantle of this period, Mrs. Lyon gazed at her, and made profound reflections to herself on the callousness which could be so unmoved under detection, and the frivolity which could attempt to disguise vice in fanciful splendor. Then she thought that it would be a good thing to remove this fair young rock on which he might split out of reach of temptation—at any rate out of reach of Mr. Frank Bathurst; and then she calculated the cost of the charitable act, and wondered whether she had money enough in her pocket to do it, before the young people came down from the roof of the house.

"If you would alter your mode of life I might assist you," she began, drawing out her purse; and the girl, who was adjusting the bows of her bonnet-strings with great care before she went out, stared at Mrs. Lyon, as if that lady was beyond her comprehension, as indeed she was.

"Alter my mode of life? not on any account, thank you;" then she thought of her Terpsichorean triumphs, and determined to very much dazzle the old lady. "Do you know who I am?" she asked; and Mrs. Lyon looking a horror-stricken negative at once, the girl went on glibly: "I'm Miss Rosalie St. Clair, there—good-morning," and walked out, happily unconscious of the meaningless sound that name had for Mrs. Lyon.

The skirmish had been sharp, but brief. Mrs. Lyon had almost a feeling of triumph when she reflected on how quickly she had, as she thought, routed the fair invader. Now the danger had departed, she began to make many hazy but comforting conjectures respecting it. After all, it might not be Mr. Bathurst whom the girl had spoken of as "he." Mr. Lionel Talbot was very quiet; but—ah! it looked bad—very bad. She remembered now that he had eaten no luncheon. At this juncture she remembered that the girl had used Mr. Bathurst's name, which proved him the offender. "I declare one had better be in a lion's den at once," she murmured, pathetically, "and then one would know what one was about." Then she fell to softly bewailing the combination of circumstances which had brought her into this difficulty, and wondered whether she had better tell Mr. Talbot about it, and wondered what Blanche would say *now* (Blanche being quite innocent of all former thought or speech on the subject), and "hoped Miss Talbot would listen to advice another time" (not that any had been offered to poor Trixy), and was altogether hopeless and helpless, and overcome by a sense of responsibility.

"What could they be doing up on the leads all this time?" The leads, in Mrs. Lyon's imagination, was a place of gruesome horror, slippery, flat, with no parapet. She wished that she had gone up with them. She wished she had not let them go up at all. She wished that she could put old heads on young shoulders (this last wish not being weakened by the faintest doubt as to the great superiority of her own over every other head belonging to the party). She wished that they had all staid at home, and that Mrs. Sutton had come with them, and a great many more totally irreconcilable things.

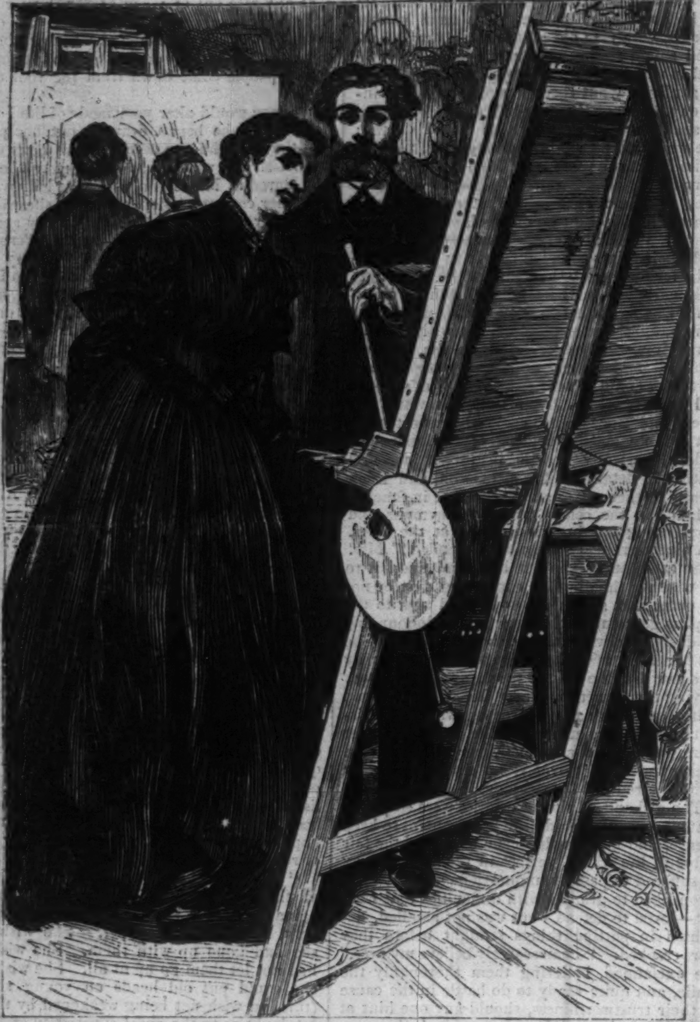
Meantime those on the house-top had been so happy, so entirely unconscious of the cark and care, the tumult and the strife that was raging at the foot of the spiral staircase. There was a glass erection on the leads—an eminent photographer had lived there before Mr. Bathurst took the house—and under this glass they stood about and were happy.

Very happy, on the whole, all of them; though Beatrix Talbot went up and came down in her spirits in the sharp, sudden, unreasoning way that is specially symptomatic of the disease under which she labored. The very manner and the very looks which won her more and more, which drew her nearer, and made Frank Bathurst dearer to her, became so many sources of irritation to Trixy Talbot. She had reached the stage when a vague feeling of the loved one being unjust is born. He had it in his power to make her so supremely happy—to exalt her, she fondly believed, above all women—by telling her and all the world that he loved her, and he did not avail himself of it. She would have disavowed the feeling, had it been placed before her in the bald, cold words I have used. She would have disowned all connection with it, and probably have declared it to be unwomanly, forward, and vain; and she would have tried to believe that she meant what she professed, and taken herself sharply to task for venturing to love before "the object" had asked for her formally in holy matrimony; and all the time would have gone on fretting and loving, and being happy and miserable, as it is, and has been, and ever shall be.

But though he had it in his power to make her supremely blessed, and did not seem at all likely to do it, she took the good the gods gave, and was grateful. It was something, in default of security of passing her life in the sun of his presence, to be warmed by his smiles; and he was no niggard of these, giving them lavishly when he was pleased—and he was always pleased when pretty women were by, especially if they liked him. Their beauty and his pleasure in it reacted upon each other. The better pleased they were with him the prettier they looked; and the prettier they looked the better pleased he was with them. It was a charmed circle, and Frank Bathurst delighted in drawing it closer and in strengthening it: and generally, in gathering his roses while he might—while they grew well within reach, where he could gather them easily—there was no charm in difficulty to him.

> "If she slight me when I woo,
> I will scorn and let her go,"

he would carol gayly, on the smallest sign of coyness—it needed not to be "coldness"—making itself manifest in the demeanor of the Cynthia of the minute. Indeed, now it was only Blanche Lyon's more openly-shown pleasure in his society that was swaying him slightly from Miss Talbot. According to his gay, bright, practical creed, life was too short to waste one hour of it in looking for any body's hidden motives.



"IF HE HAD REPEATED THE WORDS A DOZEN TIMES SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SATIATED WITH THE SOUND OF THEM."

The frankly-expressed joy, the readily-vouchsafed sympathy, the open preference, were so many tributes to his vanity—and his vanity was great. It was so glancing and sunny that Blanche, who to a certain extent appreciated it already, saw in it nothing to resent or regret, and so fed it a little—"pandered to it," Trixy Talbot termed it, in her anger; for Trixy felt the vanity would be a permanent rival to her—and still would not have had the smallest change made in the man who was vain. He was a genuine "source of joy and woe" to Miss Talbot, but he was a source of joy pure and simple to Blanche Lyon, and she showed him that he was this; and so he took the turning that should eventually lead him into error.

Mrs. Sutton had been compelled to remain away, by reason of a very unforeseen and inopportune event, which will be duly chronicled. It was an event that caused her a good deal of savage sorrow, and the sole balm she could find for the wound was, that the "affair would be a failure without her." She felt quite convinced in her acute mind that Mrs. Lyon would, by some over-anxiety or misapprehension, mar the "fair form of festal day;" and she was gently pleased thereat, after the fashion of Marian. If in fancy she could have seen the quartette upon the leads, the ground would have been very much cut from under her feet.

It would be difficult to define the ingredients which went to the composition of their ecstatic satisfaction that day. It always is difficult to ascertain what makes people who are in love so superbly satisfied with each other; for they are rarely brilliant or at ease under the circumstances. But this difficulty does not do away with the fact of their being so.

Frank Bathurst, in reality the most thoughtless of the party, knew quite well why he liked it. Those two girls, with their lovely faces, good figures, and gracefully-falling draperies, alone would have been enough for him. But he had another source of pleasure. Lionel Talbot and he were attached to one another. A good deal of boyish enthusiasm mingled itself with a good deal of genuine affection. Frank respected Lionel, valued his opinion, especially when it coincided with his (Frank's) own. They had the spirit of comradeship upon them strongly, and it pleased Frank that they should be together. When it happened so, Mr. Bathurst liked to have his taste for beauty and grace and fascination indorsed by his friend. When his friend could not indorse it, it must in honesty be added that Frank was perfectly resigned. But in this case it was palpable that their tastes matched; and Frank was not at all jealous, but magnanimous, as became him—gracious in calling Trixy's attention to the graceful bearing of the other pair leaning against one of the supports of the glass walls—nobly indifferent to the fact of Blanche lowering her voice to a tenderer tone when she addressed Lionel than Mr. Bathurst had ever heard her use to himself.

"Isn't it strange that we should all have come together? I was just going to ask you how you thought you would like my cousin, Miss Talbot, forgetting that she is my cousin, and that I mustn't express curiosity about her."

"But you may—to me at least; and I think I like her very, very much," Trixy replied, with a little more earnestness than she would have employed if she had thought so. "'Won by beauty'—we are all liable to be that, you know, Mr. Bathurst."

"Yes—and she has beauty—marvelous beauty," he answered, warming to his topic at once. "Look at her hands—I think they're the sweetest little hands I ever saw."

Trixy assented. Her own hands were equally pretty; but it was scarcely her place to call his attention to this fact.—"And her head!" he went on, animatedly. "There is something wonderfully taking in the turn of her head—a way I never saw in any other woman. Do you notice it?"

He turned a questioning glance toward Trixy as he spoke. She had fixed her eyes steadfastly on the girl she believed to be her rival—her lashes were leveled, not lowered—her brow was bent painfully, and her lips were a little more compressed than was usual. Altogether there was a look of sad, yearning interest in that love-fraught face that stirred some fibres in his heart. She was as beautiful as Blanche—quite as beautiful; and she had this brief advantage, that Blanche was engaged with some one else at the moment, and she (Trixy) was not. He felt all sorts of compliments to her on the spot, and longed to pay one without seeming abrupt.

His diffidence about it served him in good stead; for Trixy marked it, and felt it to be the most graceful one he could have paid her. "Mrs. Lyon's patience will be exhausted," she exclaimed, blushing a little. "We are forgetting the time altogether. Will you ask Miss Lyon to come down?" As he moved to ask Miss Lyon "to come down," a bit of daphne he had worn in his coat fell to the ground. They all moved in close together. Blanche Lyon dropped her glove, and herself stooped to pick it up; and when Mr. Bathurst, the last of the party to descend, looked for it, the daphne was gone. The color rose even to his brow, and he turned a careless ear to the sour tones with which Mrs. Lyon met her daughter, and indirectly reproached them all for having been so long.

Presently they separated, the ladies going back in bleak silence to Victoria Street, and the two men driving up to their club. Almost for the first time in his life Frank Bathurst was glad of the excuse his spirited horses gave him of concentrating his attention on them, to the neglect of Lionel Talbot, who sat by his side. He had never seen Lionel so completely resign himself to the charm of any woman's society as he had this day resigned himself to that of Miss Lyon. He (Frank Bathurst) had been void of all active feeling on the subject at the time—all feeling save that of pleasure at seeing his friend pleased. But now!—he had seen Blanche bend down for the fallen glove; and he rejoiced more in the loss of his daphne than he had done in its possession.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

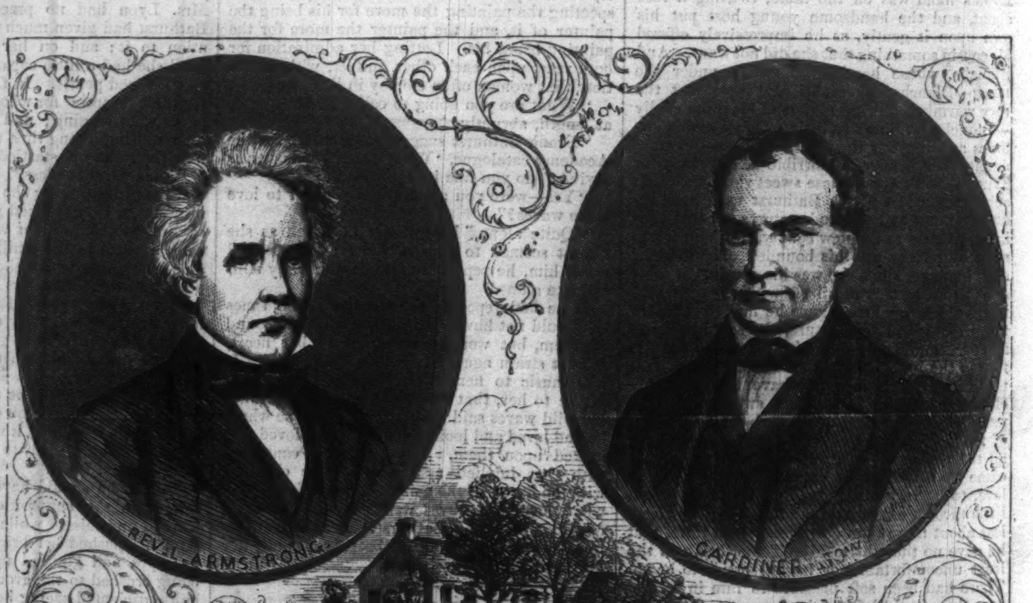
The advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks have lately been encouraged by a revival of interest in the cause. A Congressional Temperance Society was lately started under unusually encouraging aspects at Washington. In several cities at the West and Southwest numerous new associations have lately been formed. The New York Legislature is considering the propriety and wisdom of extending the Excise Law of this city to all parts of the State; and the New Jersey Legislature has already adopted it. The New York State Temperance Society met in Convention at Albany on March 20, every county in the State being fully represented. The reports from all quarters show the rapid progress of temperance; and the new interest every where manifested in the cause leads one to reflect that, after all, the "Maine Law" is not to prove a decided failure.

We give in this connection a picture of interest to all engaged in the temperance movements, being portraits of the late Dr. J. B. **Clark**, Rev. **Lebbeus Armstrong**, **Gardner Stow**, and **James Mott**, the originators of temperance societies in this State, and a picture of the house in which they held their first temperance meeting. Additional interest is given these pictures from the fact that Dr. **Clark**, the principal of the movement, has lately died (February 20, 1867) at an advanced age. Dr. **Clark** was born in 1778 in Northampton, Massachusetts, but began his labors in the cause of temperance in 1806 in Moreau, Saratoga County, New York. He, with other physicians, procured the passage of a law incorporating the State Medical Society and authorizing county medical societies. Previous to that time medical practitioners had been licensed by the county courts. In 1808 he commenced moving to organize a temperance society, his next effort being made at a term of the county court. He finally succeeded in organizing a society in his own town composed of the leading citizens. The first meeting was held at the tavern of Mr. **Peter L. Mawney**, a picture of which we give. It was torn down in 1852. It was not until the 20th of April, 1808, that the first society was fully organized under the name of the "Moreau and Northumberland Temperance Society." In 1820 Dr. **Clark** was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1848 he was one of the Electors of President and Vice-President who cast the vote of this State for **Taylor** and and **Fillmore**.

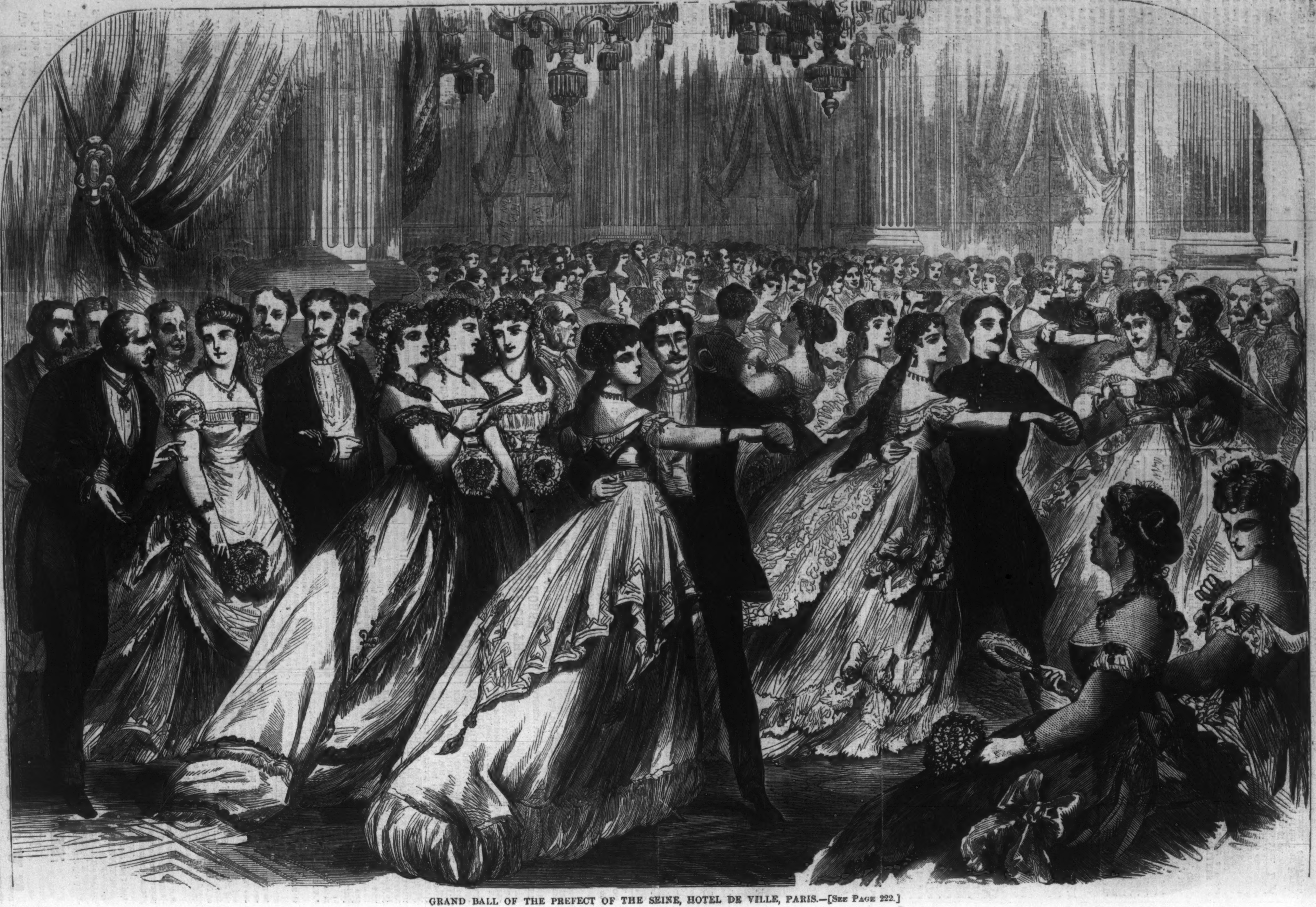
Rev. **Lebbeus Armstrong**, who acted with Dr. **Clark** in the first meetings, and was one of the committee to draft the constitution, was born November 23, 1775, in Bedford, Westchester County, New York, and removed with his parents to Ballston, Saratoga County, in 1783. In 1804 he was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church in Northumberland, and in 1808 co-operated with Mr. **Clark** in organizing the first temperance society. He continued to preach until within a few years of his death, which occurred only a few years since.

Gardner Stow was a law student in the office of a Mr. **Weston** in Sandy Hill, across the river from Moreau, in 1808, when he joined Dr. **Clark**'s temperance society. He afterward removed to Troy, and became one of the leading lawyers of that city, where he died in 1866.

James Mott, who still survives his early comrades, is a Quaker. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1783. He removed to Moreau in 1807, and the following year assisted in organizing the Temperance Society. He is a farmer, and has held various town offices.



THE ORIGINAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES IN NEW YORK.



GRAND BALL OF THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE, HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.—[See Page 222.]

AT TWILIGHT.

We sit in the twilight—May and I—
In the cozy old oak window-seat,
While the soft light dies in the western sky
And sounds grow faint in the village street.
'Tis the gentle close of an April day;
Through the open window strays the breeze,
Sweet with the kisses snatched at play
From the blushing buds of the apple-trees.

We are talking softly of the past—
I have been abroad a year or more—
And I tell of the spell around me cast
In all my wanderings to and fro;
That 'neath the skies of Italy,
And mid the lovely hills of Spain,
My heart was yearning ever to see
A pair of violet eyes again!

There are snow-drops clustered on her breast,
For a bunch of which I gently plead;
And I try while to my lips they're pressed
The thoughts of the donor fair to read.
E'en in the dim light I can see
On her cheek the dawning of the red,
Where mid the lilies' purity
A crimson rose uplifts its head.

"These buds are emblems of hope, fair May,
Do they bear to me this message sweet?
I have sought your side this eve to lay
All my heart's treasures at your feet.
Come, make your home in my loving heart,
Fill high life's cup with love's rich wine!
Oh, say that on earth no more we part—
That, for aye and aye, you will be mine!"

We sit in the twilight—May and I—
In the cozy old oak window-seat,
While the soft light dies in the western sky
And sounds grow faint in the village street.
'Tis dusk without, but ne'er did shine
In my heart such golden beams of rest;
Rare violet eyes look up to mine
From a fair face pillowed on my breast!

A GHOST STORY.

What quaint weird stories about ghosts or spirits come across one every now and then, at the most unlikely times; stories so utterly dissimilar that it is quite impossible to generalize from them.

Sometimes the ghost is seen in the conventional white sheet; more often it does not appear at all, but is only heard; a ghostly footfall echoes on the stairs, a wailing cry outside the window rouses the sleeper; sometimes only part of a form appears, as when, in one well-known family, a ghastly head, white, wet, dripping with blood, is seen, or said to be seen, before a death; at other times, as in the last ghost story I heard, which I am just going to write down, the ghost sticks pertinaciously to the same room, in the same dress, and mutters the same words.

This is the story, as told to me by an old friend.

"I was staying," so he said, "at an old place called Grasgarth Hall, in the north of Yorkshire.

"We were chatting one evening after dinner, in the long summer days, just before the candles were brought in, and somehow or other the talk turned on ghosts, and I said to my host, 'Surely there must be some ghost story connected with an old place like this.'

"He said there was a story, that a ghost was said to have been seen years ago, belonging to the days of the old extinct family of Grasgarth, the former possessors of the place. It was an old Jacobite family, and at the time of the rebellion of 1745 had been reduced to two twin brothers; the eldest by half an hour, Sir Hugh, being a strong Jacobite, the younger, James, a cautious Hanoverian.

"Well, the rebellion of '45 came, and Sir Hugh was at first with great difficulty kept quiet; but then arrived the news of Prestonpans, of the march into England, the entry into Manchester.

"This last news came one evening, when the brothers were sitting over their wine, and with it came a letter from the Prince himself, reckoning on the undoubted loyalty of the Grasgarths to come at once to his help with every man they could muster.

"Sir Hugh could contain himself no longer, but swore that nothing should stop him from setting out, the very next day, to help his rightful prince, at the head of every man on his estate.

"James entreated, expostulated, all in vain; Sir Hugh was determined, and the last thing the servants saw of them that night was, Sir Hugh reeling up stairs, very drunk, trying to sing a Jacobite stave; James following, not so drunk, but much excited, expostulating loudly, and declaring that he would not allow his brother to ruin the family by committing himself to a cause which could not possibly succeed.

"The next morning there were no signs of either of the brothers; the servants waited till the afternoon, then they knocked at James's door. There was no answer. They opened the door; there was no one in the room, and there had been no one in the room during the night: they knocked at Sir Hugh's door; there was no answer, and the door was locked. They waited till evening, and then broke open the door, and there they saw Sir Hugh lying on the floor, dead and cold, with a jagged wound in the head, while James was crouching in an old arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, mad, muttering: 'I did not do it.'

"There was blood on the floor, and congealed blood on the sharp corner of the marble chimney-piece.

"James never recovered; and no explanation of Sir Hugh's death was obtained; but it was generally supposed that the brothers, both intoxicated, came from words to blows, that Sir Hugh staggered back, tripped up, struck his head against the sharp corner of the chimney-piece, and so died.

"Whatever the real story was, the place was sold, for James died mad; and the family of the Grasgarths became extinct."

"So I suppose," I said, "that you went to bed with your head full of this horrible story, and dreamed that you saw a ghost?"

"No," said my friend, "I slept that night as well as ever I did in my life, and forgot all about the story; but a week afterward my room was changed to one in the older part of the building. I went to bed thinking of nothing less than of ghosts, and fell asleep at once, for I was very tired, having had a hard day's fishing.

"After I had slept about an hour I woke up, cold and shivering, though there was a fire in the room.

"The fire-place was an old open one; there was a high marble chimney-piece; on the side opposite to me was an old arm-chair; the fire was just going out, flickering up sometimes for a moment into a bright glare, then dying down again. I was still half asleep, and turned lazily round to the light, such as it was, as sleepy people do; something odd and new seemed there, and I woke up thoroughly.

"I looked hard across to the fire again, and rubbed my eyes to assure myself I was really awake. A man was sitting in the arm-chair; his face was white and ghastly, so much I could see; he had on a full wig, with long, formal curls; and a sudden flare up the grate showed me his embroidered coat, long-flapped waistcoat, and knee-breeches; his lips moved, and his lower jaw worked convulsively.

"I called out to him, asking what on earth he was doing there. There was no answer, and the fire suddenly went nearly out; I called again; there was no answer still; I waited a few moments, but then the fire blazed up anew, and showed me the figure, no longer sitting in the chair, but leaning against the mantle-piece, looking down into the fire.

"And now I thought I could see through the figure, but not distinctly, for he was between me and the seat of the chair; and while I could see its back plainly I could just distinguish the outline of the seat as through a thick fog.

"I summoned up all my courage, jumped out of bed, and walked up to the figure; as I did so it, or he, took no notice of me, but looked still at the fire, muttering; I thought I heard the words, 'did not do it.'

"I walked up to it, into it, through it—nothing opposed me; but the muttering ceased; a fog seemed to hang round me, and a clammy chill made my skin creep, while a faint, sickly taste and smell made me throw myself almost fainting into the chair, and close my eyes for the moment.

"I soon recovered, and looked steadily at the place where the figure had been; it had disappeared, and in its place was a thin white smoke, distinct and moving, but very slowly and gradually; before my eyes, as I gazed on it, through the varying light, it gathered itself into the figure of a man as before. I rushed through it again, breaking it up completely; again I felt the clammy chill, the sickly taste; again I saw the broken fog round me.

"I plunged into bed and buried myself in the clothes. At last I heard the clock strike three; I ventured to look up; the fire had gone out, and nothing could be seen; but while listening intently I thought I could hear a low muttering.

"I remember nothing more; I must have fallen asleep, for I was roused by a servant knocking at the door, and I found that it was bright daylight, and that there was no man to be seen.

"You may imagine that I never slept in that room again."

BALL IN PARIS.

Among the social gatherings of Paris the balls given by the Prefect of the Seine in the splendid saloons of the Hotel de Ville, have always been held as most important and magnificent. Not to be present at these is to be in disgrace in the fashionable circles. Among the company present are many members of the nobility, senators, councilors of state, deputies, officers of the army, wealthy financiers, distinguished foreigners, and a considerable sprinkling of the literary and artistic world of Paris. On arriving within the court-yard the visitor ascends a flight of steps which conducts him to a spacious hall; leaving the temporary vestiary, on his right, and passing beneath a handsome festoon of crimson drapery, he enters an ante-chamber, where some half a dozen soldiers (the Garde de Paris) mount guard. On his left are three elegant flights of stairs, at the foot of which are two Swiss in *grande tenue*, who, every time a distinguished personage passes them, strike the ends of their halberds, with a sharp ringing sound, upon the ground. The staircase is lined on each side by shrubs and flowers; and at the upper part is a large saloon, in the centre of which stands the Prefect of the Seine and his wife, surrounded by a very few intimate friends. On passing through this room each guest, as a matter of course, makes his bow to the host and hostess of the evening.

Strolling through a series of elegantly-decorated saloons, the visitors arrive at the grand Galerie des Fêtes, the subject of our illustration on page 221. This gallery, which is the principal ball-room, is lighted by no less than eight-and-twenty chandeliers, in each of which are one hundred wax-candles. The orchestra, which occupies a gallery at the end of the apartment, numbers 125 performers. The Galerie des Fêtes is supported on each side by fourteen massive stone pillars, and contains thirteen large arched windows. It is decorated with flags and flowers; the curtains are of crimson velvet, looped up with gold tassels and trimmed with gold fringe and braid. At the upper end, in an adjoining saloon, a buffet is established. At the side opposite the windows a number of lofty doorways give access to a suit of salons, in the midst of which is a beautiful conservatory filled with numbers of rare exotic plants in full bloom. The number of guests present at the ordinary receptions is about 2400; on particular occasions, when the balls assume the character of state receptions, double this number of invitations are issued.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

"The Ladies of our household endorse it as unrivaled."—Burnett's Cocoaine for the Hair, and Flavoring Extracts for Cooking purposes.—*Home Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.&Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.&Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

Castor oil,
Cod-liver oil,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
Citrate of iron and quinine,
Oil of turpentine,
Norwegian tar,
And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Cupidity vs. Medical Science.

An inordinate desire for wealth has induced some persons, strange as it may appear, to engage in the manufacture of certain poisonous preparations styled "Worm Lozenges," or "Worm Confections." It is due to those having the care of children, for whom the confections are specially manufactured, to know that, in a majority of cases, they contain a peculiar colorless, inodorous, tasteless principle, called Santonine, in which resides the virtue of the so-called worm exterminator. The liability of administering fatal overdoses of this drug is apparent when the manner of making the lozenges or confections is exposed. A given quantity of the medicine is handed to the confectioner, with instructions to incorporate it in a mass of paste, and divide it into so many lozenges—each one *supposed* to contain the proper dose for a child, according to its age. Any one can see that it can not be expected of a man entirely ignorant of the nature of medicinal agents, and, moreover, totally disqualified, to make that careful distribution of ingredients exactly uniform throughout the mass, which the nature of the case imperatively demands. Consequently the dangerous catch-pennies are turned out, not only unreliable, but absolutely hurtful and dangerous to health and life. Some one of them may contain a quadruple dose, while many of them together are without a single grain of medicine. The one is fatal, the other entirely without effect of any description. True and intelligent medical science, however, offers a uniform, reliable, safe, and certainly efficacious remedy for the expulsion of intestinal worms, in the long-established preparation known as Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All others are, in comparison, worthless, if not positively dangerous.

None genuine without the signature of
[12.] FLEMING BROS.

HIRAM WOODRUFF ON THE TROTTING HORSE,

AND HOW TO TRAIN AND DRIVE HIM.

Notice is hereby given that WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES in its next week's number (April 2) commences a reprint of the remarkable series of articles which were written by Hiram Woodruff on the Trotting Horse, and how to Train and Drive Him, which were commenced in the SPIRIT about two years ago. These articles will be regularly continued to the end; and the work, which was not wholly finished at the time of Hiram Woodruff's death, will be completed from notes and memoranda furnished by him shortly previous to his decease.

Agents will please enlarge their orders in advance, as the great popularity of the work will require a large amount of the first number. The first chapter will be preceded by a very interesting and graphic sketch of Hiram's life.

P. S.—Owners of horses throughout the United States, whether subscribers to the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES or not, are hereby notified that the SPIRIT has a regular department established in its columns, which is placed under the charge of a distinguished veterinary professor, whose duty it is to receive questions as to the ailments or injuries of horses, and to answer in print, in connection with the question, how they should be treated for a cure. These prescriptions are given gratis, and thus every person who buys a copy of the SPIRIT, or who subscribes by the year, has at his command a Horse Doctor Free. Price of subscription, $5 a year. Address GEO. WILKES, Editor and Proprietor, 201 William Street, New York.

An Unlucky Dutchman. The most attractive and popular picture of the day. Printed in tints, on heavy paper, 22 by 28 inches. Thousands have already been sold, and the demand is still increasing. Every one who sees it is sure to want a copy. The price is $1 60. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1 66. Agents wanted, to whom will be offered an unusual opportunity to make money. Address S.A. Higley & Co., 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

The New Edition, Revised and Enlarged, of WELLS'S EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER, and Business Form Book, in addition to information in every department of business; indispensable to every business man and woman; contains the NEW BANKRUPT LAW, with FORMS, EXPLANATIONS, and FULL INSTRUCTIONS to enable bankrupts and creditors to take the benefit of the Act without legal assistance; 12mo, 650 pages, price only $2; sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted every where. They will find the business very remunerative, as there is no work published that will meet with a more ready sale. It is a work wanted everywhere by every body—a work that an agent can engage in the sale of as a permanent business with a certainty of success, and with satisfaction to himself and patrons. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
No. 14 Chambers St., New York.

Do you Wear Spectacles? Are you Near-Sighted? Have you Weak Eyes, or Sore Eyes, or any Disease of the Eye? Write J. Ball & Co., 128 Nassau St., (Box 701 P. O.,) N. Y., for their TREATISE on the EYE. Mailed free to any address. "They are responsible men incapable of intentional deception or imposition."

DRUNKENNESS CURED

By Upham's Antidote. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

Microscopic Photographs taken from cards, &c., and set in charms, for $3 to $10. J.H.Morrow, 629 Br'dway.

Brown's Glass-Cleaning Polish.

AGENTS WANTED.

For Cleaning and Polishing Windows, Mirrors, Gold, Silver Plated Ware, Brass, Copper, Tin, &c. A new invention of the greatest practical worth, convenience, and economy. Indispensable to all housekeepers, hotel-keepers, storekeepers, etc. Discount to the trade.
C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.

We claim and are prepared to prove that the American Watches manufactured at Waltham, Massachusetts, are not only equal but far superior to the watches of England, Switzerland, and France. We also claim that they are CHEAPER, MORE ACCURATE, MORE DURABLE, and more easily kept in order and repaired than any other watches in the market.

Because in each one of the very numerous parts of which a watch is made up we attain, by mechanical power, nearly *absolute* mathematical precision and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model.

This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it *infallibly* perpetuates and diffuses any excellence that may be once achieved, and makes it easy to repair any injury sustained, or replace any part that may be lost or destroyed.

In addition to these mechanical advantages, our Watches are simpler in structure, and therefore stronger and less likely to be injured than foreign watches.

HOW THEY RUN

Under the Hardest Trials Watches can have is shown by the following Letter:

PENN. RAILROAD COMPANY.
Office of the General Superintendent,
Altoona, Pa., Dec. 15, 1866.

GENTLEMEN,—THE WATCHES MANUFACTURED BY YOU HAVE BEEN IN USE ON THIS RAILROAD FOR SEVERAL YEARS BY OUR ENGINEMEN, TO WHOM WE FURNISH WATCHES AS PART OF OUR EQUIPMENT. THERE ARE NOW SOME THREE HUNDRED OF THEM CARRIED ON OUR LINE, AND WE CONSIDER THEM GOOD AND RELIABLE TIMEKEEPERS. INDEED, I HAVE GREAT SATISFACTION IN SAYING YOUR WATCHES GIVE US LESS TROUBLE, AND HAVE WORN AND DO WEAR MUCH LONGER WITHOUT REPAIRS, THAN ANY WATCHES WE HAVE EVER HAD IN USE ON THIS ROAD. AS YOU ARE AWARE, WE FORMERLY TRUSTED TO THOSE OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE, OF ACKNOWLEDGED GOOD REPUTATION; BUT AS A CLASS THEY NEVER KEPT TIME AS CORRECTLY, NOR HAVE THEY DONE AS GOOD SERVICE, AS YOURS.

IN THESE STATEMENTS I AM SUSTAINED BY MY PREDECESSOR, MR. LEWIS, WHOSE EXPERIENCE EXTENDED OVER A SERIES OF YEARS.
RESPECTFULLY,
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, *WALTHAM.*

Any of the grades of Waltham Watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers generally throughout the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
No. 182 Broadway, New York; or,
ROBBINS, APPLETON & Co.,
No. 158 Washington Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED in all Parts of the Country to Canvass for this Work. Territory Assigned.

Just Published, the

THRILLING ADVENTURES
of
DANIEL ELLIS,

The great Union Guide of East Tennessee for a Period of nearly Four Years, during the Great Southern Rebellion.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

With numerous Illustrations.

One Volume, Demi 8vo, Cloth, Price $2 50.

The "Adventures of Daniel Ellis" is one of the most remarkable and decidedly the most original narratives produced by the late war. Ellis was a Union man of East Tennessee, and, being well acquainted with the mountain region—its by-ways and passes—he employed himself in piloting his friends and other Union refugees through East Tennessee from slavery in the Rebel Confederacy to freedom in the North. He was constantly employed in this hazardous service, at the imminent risk of his life, for three entire years. During that time he endured incredible hardships from cold, hunger, and other privations and exposures, and met with many thrilling adventures with the rebels, who hunted him down as if he were a wild beast. His book is a fearful picture of the sufferings endured by the Union people of East Tennessee. Every scene described and every fact related are fully vouched for as being true: indeed, the book bears, in its plain, straightforward, but intensely thrilling narrative, the impress of truth on its face.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have recently Published:

HENRY WINTER DAVIS'S SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. Speeches and Addresses delivered in the Congress of the United States, and on several Public Occasions, by Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. Preceded by a Sketch of his Life, Public Services, and Character, being an Oration by the Hon. J. A. J. Creswell, U. S. Senator from Maryland. With Notes, Introductory and Explanatory. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD. A Novel. By George Macdonald, M.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to July, 1865, and a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Fifth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

CRADOCK NOWELL. A Tale of the New Forest. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS
OF THE
TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

North Danville, Caledonia Co., Vt., *Jan.* 9, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gentlemen,—The Tea you sent on the 14th of December arrived in good condition. It gives better satisfaction than the Tea they are paying two dollars a pound for. I send you the present order of $43 15, to be paid on delivery. Send the Tea to St. Johnsbury by Express, and a bill of it to North Danville for collection.

Yours truly, Mrs. J. H. Sanborn, Agent.

4 lbs.	Imperial Gr. Tea	H. A. Kelsey	1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson, gr.	Charles Varney	50	1 00
5 lbs.	French Bkft. Cof.	Charles Varney	30	1 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson, gr.	F. W. Green	50	1 00
1 lb.	" " "	D. P. Chase	50	50
1 lb.	" " "	J. W. Bickford	50	50
1 lb.	Imperial	J. W. Bickford	50	50
1 lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	M. A. Stevens	50	50
1 lb.	" "	A. A. Finley	1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial Green	J. A. Webster	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Young Hyson	P. C. Sanborn	50	50
2 lbs.	French Bkft. Cof.	A. W. Hawkins	30	60
1 lb.	Imperial Green	J. W. Bickford	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	" "	M. Stevens	50	50
1 lb.	" "	S. W. Sprague	1 25	1 25
	Carried up			$18 35
	Brought up			$18 35
2 lbs.	Imperial Green	G. E. Sias	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	S. N. Hubbell	1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	H. Weeks	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	" "	M. Bray	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Imperial Green	M. Bray	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	" "	John Williams	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	John Williams	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	J. P. Hill	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial Green	J. P. Hill	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	French Bkft. Cof.	Mrs. J. H. Sanborn	30	30
2 lbs.	Imperial Green	Mr. J. H. Sanborn	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	" "	F. Blanchard	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	F. Blanchard	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	G. H. Bickford	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder, best	G. H. Bickford	1 50	1 50
	Total			$43 15

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, near Church. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Something New.

New Inducements, New Advantages.

BARTLETT'S
TRADE MARK.
REVERSIBLE
SEWING MACHINES.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, for use by Hand or Foot, at $25.

☞ All genuine Bartlett Machines are WARRANTED, and bear the trade-mark "Bartlett Sewing Machine Co., New York."

J. W. BARTLETT, Patentee,
569 Broadway, New York.

MODE of CREATION, Atlantic Gold Fields, Giving while Living, The Fishes in Convention, Carboniferous and Glacial Periods, Signs of Health—in April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL; 20 cts., $2 a year. Ask your newsman for it.

FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

ADAMS PRESS CO.,
26 Ann Street,
New York.

Beautiful False Mustaches 75 cts. and $1 each. Send stamp for circulars. Address Jas. Walling, St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD PENS.

The largest assortment in the city. Send for circular, giving prices and showing styles. Pens repointed, 50c. by mail. E. S. Johnson & Co., 44 Nassau St., N.Y. City.

Relief in Five Minutes
GILBERT'S PATENT
PILE-
Instrument!
575 Broadway, N.Y.

SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, Manager,
575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—Dear Sir: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, Nathaniel Tompkins.

171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.

Dr. Gilbert,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, Benjamin Demilt, Ferry Master.

De Camp Hospital, N.Y.H., David's Island, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

Great advantage derived by exhausted and weak persons from the use of

Hoff's Malt Extract

Beverage of Health.

Since the recent introduction of this celebrated HEALTH BEVERAGE, the approval of American Science, as well as of the Public, is so unanimous, that HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT begins to become as popular here as in Europe.

It is recommended to weak persons generally, and for ladies of delicate constitution especially (also to ladies nursing, or after exhausting sickness); and, as a proof of its efficacy in such cases, we publish extracts, of a few city letters to Mr. Hoff of Berlin, or to Hoff's Depot for America, No. 542 Broadway:

New York, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—my physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of porter or ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c.

J. Heller, 168 Lexington Avenue.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—The best results were produced on the suffering condition of my lady by your Malt Extract Beverage of Health. John Zettler.

No. 168 East Twelfth St.

New York, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

Mr. Hoff,—I am obliged to say that my lady is greatly benefited by the use of your Malt Extract. It is not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a very efficacious one, and strengthens the stomach as well as the nerves and the whole system. [Follows order.]

C. P. Wagner, 273 Ninth Avenue.

To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for the wonderful effects of your Malt Extract. Since six years I suffered greatly from general weakness, but the nourishing matters of your Beverage of Health have given me new strength. Please to send, &c. Karline Schade.

106 Ludlow St.

Price Six Dollars Per Dozen.

One dozen and upward delivered to any part of this city and suburbs free of charge.

Sold by the principal druggists and grocers.

CAN WE THINK OF TWO THINGS AT ONCE? See answer in April No. of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 20 cents, or $2 a year.

FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

In the prices of American and European Watches; retailing at our former wholesale prices, 25 to 50 per cent. less than New York retail prices. Watches sent by express, C.O.D., and can be seen and examined before being paid for. Descriptive catalogue of prices sent free. All our watches are first quality, and are fully guaranteed. C. E. COLLINS & CO., Agents for Manufacturers, 42 and 44 Nassau St., N. Y.

FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

The Parlor Steam Engine

Is free from danger. It will diffuse a delicious perfume when required. Sent postpaid for $1 00 by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

WHISKERS.—Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent on receipt of 10c. Address

REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

Black Crook Dancing Girls, pictures beautifully colored, 3 for $1. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with crimping attachment. This wonderful Sewing Machine sews with double or single thread of all kinds, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the wheel. It is the most simple to *understand.* Swift, Easy, and Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured. Has stood the test of years, and used by thousands of families.

"With single or double thread, it rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Wholesale terms, *liberal,* sent free. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

LASH'S FIVE DOLLAR WASHING MACHINE.

The cheapest and most complete Washer in the market. Send for a descriptive circular to

J. S. LASH & CO., 727 Market S., Philadelphia.

$5 to $10 per Day made by Agents. New Picture—Death-Bed of Lincoln. Every body will buy it. Sample picture sent free by mail on receipt of 25 cts. G. THISTLETON, Agent, 2 Dey St., N. Y.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE No.—Prof. Agassiz, the Reverend Drs. Chapin, Sawyer, Osgood, Bellows, Frothingham, Hedge, Collyer, Ryder, Clarke, Emerson, Bartholomew, Ballou, and Hepworth. Also Ex-Gov. Blair and Philo Parsons of Michigan. Woman's Rights; Shaker Communities and Religion; Aboriginal Legends of North America; Our National Army to-day; Can we Think of Two Things at Once? Pope's Essay on Man; in April No. of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now ready. Only 20 cents, or $2 a year. Newsmen have it. Address FOWLER & WELLS No. 389 Broadway, New York.

CHECKS.

PATENT COMPRESSED IVORY, 1¼ inch, 300 white, 200 red, 100 blue, with Splits, Markers, and Coppers Complete, $72 per set. 1¼ inch, $10 per 100. No orders filled unless accompanied with a deposit.

WM. M. WELLING (sign Golden Elephant),
571 Broadway,
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . .	1.00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.